

The youth in his naturall state  
Erat. Ju. 26.



J.<sup>os</sup>

Johnson

Book

1774

Benj. Kerch



*War with the Devil:*  
OR, THE  
**Young M A N S Conflict**  
WITH THE  
**Powers of Darkneſs,**  
*In a Dialogue,*

Discovering the Corruption and Vanity  
of Youth, the Horrible Nature of Sin, and  
Deplorable Condition of Fallen Man.

Alſo a Definition, Power, and Rule of Con-  
ſcience, and the Nature of true *Conversion*.

To which is Added  
An Appendix, containing a *Dialogue* between  
an Old *Apoſtate*, and a Young *Profeſſor*.

Worthy the peruſal of all, but chiefly intended  
for the Inſtruction of the Younger ſort.

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*The Eighth Impreſſion*

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By B. K.

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*Pſal. 119. v. 9. Where ſhall I ſhall a Young-man cleanse his  
way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.*

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*Licensed and Entred according to Order.*

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London, Printed for Benjamin Harris, and are to be Sold at  
his Shop at the Statimers Arms, in the Piazza  
of the Royal Exchange in Cornhil, 1684.

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Young M A M S Confess  
WITH THE  
Powers of Darkness

Imprimatur *Hic liber Cui Titulu*  
*War with the Devil, Antio. Saun*  
*ders Ex Aedibus Lambethanis.*

Sept. 25. 167

By a Friend, in Commendation  
of these Poems.

**M**Y Muse is dull, although I have a will  
This Book for to commend, I want the skill.  
I know not how its worth for to declare,  
Few Poems may doubtless, with it compare;  
Nor for rare elegant Scholastick strains,  
Which flow alone from those quick witted brains;  
Who with their Rhetorick and curious Art  
Strive to affect the Fancy, not the Heart.  
This *Treasure* read (kind friend) and thou shalt see,  
Tis chiefly fill'd with choice Divinity.  
The Author soars on high, his main design  
Is to instruct that precious Soule of thine  
Thy path Celestial, shews thee very plain  
How thou in Christ an int'rest may obtain,  
Or, if in Christ thy soul has got a place,  
He to thy Joy shews forth thy happy case,  
This Poem's like a messenger sent forth,  
To give a visit to the drowzy Earth;  
The sluggish Soul it strives for to awake,  
Before it drops into the Fiery Lake.  
There's very few upon the Earth do live,  
But might from hence some benefit receive.

2 *In commendation of these Poems.*

For though it is brought forth in this our Climate  
Yet 'twill agree with every place and time.  
Its Message is of such a large extent,  
It may in truth to all the world be sent :  
To *Male and Female*, low and high degree ,  
He speaks a word to *band* as well as *free*.  
All , in whom Conscience dwells, he lets them see  
Consciences great Pow'r and Authority.  
When Heav'n's hot thunder-bolts with fire & ha  
Made *Egypt's* mighty Monarch's courage fall ;  
Con'cience kept in , made him cry out amain  
*The Lord is just ; I, and my wicked train*  
*Have sinn'd* : Yea, Conscience also brings  
*Saul* Son of *Kish*, the first of *Israel's* Kings ,  
Before the Prophet humbly to confess  
That he had sinn'd, and acted wickedness.  
Conscience made *David* to cry out amain ,  
*'Tis I have sinn'd : I have Uriah slain*.  
Though *David* slew a Lion and a Bear,  
And did not the great Gyants courage fear :  
Yet Conscience made him stoop and tremble too  
And more this you'll find Conscience can do.  
Here's Counsel for Professors and Profane ,  
Chuse, or refuse here's loss and also gain.  
One Reason, *Reader*, of this Mode or Style ,  
Is that it might with honest craft beguile  
Such curious Fancies who had rather chuse  
To read *poetry* in Verse , than one in Prose ,  
And as the nimble Fly, that lightly springs  
Against the Flame , until she burns her wings,

*In commendation of these Poems.* 3

taken Captive with that sulph'rous flame,  
With which she only sought to sport and game:  
Whilst those curious fancies think to play  
With this small piece, 'twill secretly betray  
Them to their Conscience, and if Conscience send  
Them to Gods Word, the Author has his end.  
Provided that unto the same they yield,  
And Grace and Conscience do obtain the field.

**Farewell**

**W. B.**

*To the Reader: In Vindication of this Book.*

**O**NE or two lines to thee I venture commend,  
This honest POEM briefly to defend  
From Calumny, because that on this day,  
All Poetry there's many do gain-say,  
And many will condemn, as if the same  
Did worthily deserve reproach and blame.  
If any Book in Verse, they chance to spy,  
Away Prophane they presently do cry:  
But though this kind of writing some dispraise,  
Sith Men so captious are in these our days;  
Yet I dare say, how e're this scruple rose;  
Verse hath express'd as sacred things as Prose.  
Though some there be, that Poetry abuse;  
Must we therefore not the same method use?  
Yea sure, for of my Conscience 'tis the best,  
And doth deserve more honour than the rest:  
For 'tis no humane knowledge gain'd by Art,  
But rather 'tis inspir'd into the Heart  
By Divine means, for true Divinity  
Hath with this Science great Affinity:  
Though some, through Ignorance do it oppose,  
Many do it esteem, far more than Prose:  
And find also that unto them it brings  
Content, and hath been the delights of Kings.  
David, although a King, yet was a Poet,  
And Solomon also, the Scriptures shew it,  
Then what if for all this some should abase it?  
I'm apt to think the Angels do embrace it.  
And though God giv't here but in part to some,  
Saints shall hav't perfect in the world to come.

3  
Youth in his Unconverted State.

Youth.

**T**HE Naturalists most aptly do compare  
My age unto the Spring, whose beauty's rare.  
When Sprightly Sol enters the golden Sign,  
Which is call'd Aries, his glorious shine  
And splendent Rays do cause the earth to spring,  
And Trees to bud, and quicken every thing.  
All Plants and Herbs and Flowers then do flourish:  
The grass doth sprout, the tender lambs do nourish;  
Those things in Winter that seem'd to be dead,  
Do now rise up and briskly shew their Head.  
And do obtain a Natural Resurrection,  
By his hot Beams and powerful Reflection.  
How in the pleasant fruitful Month of May,  
Are Meadows clad with flowers rich and gay;  
And all Earth's Globe adorn'd in garments green,  
Mix'd with rare Yellow, Crown'd like to a Queen;  
The Primrose, Cowslip, and the Violet  
Are curiously with other Flowers set,

6      *The Young man's evil Resolution.*

*And chirping Birds with their melodious sounds  
Delight Mans heart, whose pleasure now abounds,  
The Winters past, with stormy Snow and Rain.  
And long 'twill be ere such things come again;  
Nothing but joy and sweet delights appear,  
Whilst doth abide the Spring time of the year.*

*Thus 'tis with me who am now in my prime,  
In merriment and joy I spend my time;  
And like as birds do in the lovely Spring.  
I so rejoyce with my Consorts and sing,  
And spend my days in sweet pastime and mirth,  
And nought shall grieve or trouble me on Earth:  
I am resolv'd to search the World about,  
But I will suck the sweetness of it out.  
No stone I'll leave unturn'd, that I may find  
Content and joy unto my craving mind:  
No sorrow shall, whilst I do live, come near me;  
Nor shall the Preacher with his Fancies fear me;  
At Cards and Dice, and such brave Games I'll play,  
And like a Courtier deck my self most gay;  
With Perriwig, and Muff, and such fine things,  
With Sword and Belt, Goloshoes, and Gold-rings,  
Where Bulls and Bears they bait, and Cocks do fight,  
I do resort with speed, There's my delight.  
To drink and sport among the jovial crew  
I do resolve, what doth ensue:  
And court fair Ladies that I also Love,  
And of all things do very well approve,  
Which tend my sensual part to satisfie.  
From whence comes all my choice felicity.*

*What*



### *The Young man's evil Resolution.*

What e're mine Ears do hear, and Eyes behold,  
Or Heart desire, if so that all my Gold  
And Silver can for me those things procure,  
I'll spare no cost, nor pains, you may be sure.  
Thus is my Life made very sweet to me,  
Whilst others hurried are in misery;  
Whose minds with strange conceits troubled remain,  
Thinking by losing all, that way to gain.  
Such Riddles I can't learn, I must them leave,  
What's seen and felt, I am resolv'd to have,  
Let every Man his mind and fancy fill,  
My Lust I'll satisfy, and have my will.  
Who dares controul me in my present way,  
Or vex my mind i'th least, or me gain-say?  
What state of Life can equal this of mine?  
Tenth's gallantry so bravely here doth shine.

### *Conscience.*

Controul you, Sir! in truth, and that dare I,  
For your contempt of my Authority.  
You tread on me without the least regard;  
As if I worthy were not to be heard;  
You strive to stifle me, and therefore I  
Am forc'd aloud, *Murther*, with speed to cry:  
I can't forbear but cry our amain,  
Such is the wrong which from you I sustain.

*Tank.*

*Youth.*

What are you, Sir, you dare to be so bold?  
 I scorn by any He, to be controul'd.  
 Ere I have done with you, I'll make you know  
 You shall your power and commission show.

*Conscience.*

Be not so hot, and you shall know my Name  
 And also learn from whence my power came.  
 I'm no Usurper, yet I do Command  
 You for to stop and make a present stand.  
 Your pleasures you must leave, and Vicious Life,  
 Else there will grow a very bitter strife  
 'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,  
 If from these Courses you don't quickly turn,  
 For all your courage which you seem to take,  
 The news I bring's enough to make you quake.

*Youth.*

Who e're thou art, I'll make you by and by  
 Confess you have accus'd me wrongfully.  
 From Murder I am clear, in thought and deed,  
 Thus to be charg'd, doth cause my heart to bleed

Pray

Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,  
If you provoke me worse 'twill quickly be,  
You seek occasion, and are quarrelsome,  
And therefore 'tis, I do suppose you're come.  
But if your Name you don't declare to me,  
I am resolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.

*Conscience.*

What violence (alas!) can you do more,  
Than that which you have done to me before?  
Forbear your threats, be still and hold your hand,  
And quickly you shall know and understand  
My Name, my Power, and place of Residence,  
Which may to you prove of great consequence.  
I am a Servant to a Mighty King,  
Who Rules and Reigns, and Governs every thing,  
Who keeps one Court above, and here below  
Another he doth keep, as you shall know;  
O're this inferior Court placed am I,  
To act and do, as his great Deputy.  
I truly Judge, according to my Light,  
Yea, and impartially do each man right:  
Those I condemn who vile and guilty are,  
And justify the Holy and Sincere.  
I order'd am to watch continually,  
O're all your actions with a wary Eye:  
And I have found how you have of late time  
Committed many a bold and horrid Crime,

Of Murther, Treason, and like Villany;  
 Against the Crown and glorious Dignity  
 Of that great Prince from whence you have your  
 Who's King and Ruler, over all the Earth. (breath  
 I am his Judge, Attorney-General,  
 And have Commission also you to call;  
 Unto the barr, and make you to confess  
 Your horrid Crimes and fearful guiltiness.  
 A black Inditement I have drawn in truth;  
 Against thy self thou miserable youth;  
 Thy pride I shall abate, thy pleasure mar,  
 And bring thee to confess with tears, at Barr,  
 Thy sports and Games, and youthful Lust to be  
 Nought else but sin; and cursed Vaniry.  
 And for to put thee also out of doubt,  
 My Name is *Conscience* which you hear about;  
 No other than th' accusing faculty  
 Of that dear Soul which in thy breast doth lye:  
 I by that Rule Mens thoughts and ways compare,  
 By which their inward parts enlightened are,  
 And as they do accord, or disagree,  
 I do accuse, or Clear immediately.  
 According to your Light you do not live;  
 But violate that Rule which God doth give  
 To you, to square your Life and Actions by:  
 From hence comes in your woe and misery.

*Youth.*

## Youth.

Conscience art thou? why didst not speak e're now?  
 To mind what thou dost say I can't tell how,  
 Thou melancholy fancy, fly from me,  
 My pleasure I'll not leave in spite of thee;  
 Other brave Guests, you see, to me are come;  
 And in my House for thee there is no room,  
 Dost think I will be check'd by silly thoughts;  
 And into snares my foolish Fancy brought?  
 Is't you which brings out Murther, only you?  
 A Fig (alas) for all that you can do,  
 For though against me you do prate and preach,  
 Your very Neck I am resolv'd to stretch.  
 I'll swear, swear, and whore, say what you will,  
 Till I have stifled you, and make you still.  
 I'll clip your Wings, and make you see at length,  
 I do know how to spoyle you of your strength.  
 When you do speak, I will not lend an ear;  
 I'll make (in truth) as if I did not hear,  
 If you speak loud when I am all alone,  
 I will rise up, and straightway will be gone  
 To the brave Boys who toss the Pot about;  
 And that's the way to wear your patience out.  
 I'll go to Plays; and Games, and Dancings to,  
 And e're a while, I shall be rid of you.

## Conscience.

Thou stubborn foolish Touth, be not so rash,  
 Lest e're you be aware you feel my lash.  
 I have a sting, a whip, yea and can bite,  
 Before you shall o'recome, I'll stoutly fight:  
 I'll gripe you sore, and make you howl anon,  
 If you resolve in sin still to go on.  
 I have o'recome strong hearts and made them yield,  
 And so shall you before I quit the field,  
 Go where you will, be sure I'll soon come after,  
 And into sorrow, will I turn your laughter.  
 I will prove hard work for you to shake me off,  
 Though you at me do seem to jeer and scoff,  
 As if o're you I had no jurisdiction,  
 Or was a Dream; a Fancy, or some Fiction:  
 For all your Wrath, I must you yet disturb,  
 Though you offended are, I can't but curb  
 And smite you daily, as I oft have done,  
 Till you repent, and from lewd courses turn:  
 For, till the cause be taken quite away,  
 Th' Effect will follow what e're you do say:  
 Unless your Light wholly extinguished be,  
 If sin remains disturbance you will see.  
 Therefore I do beseech you soberly  
 For to submit to my authority,  
 Obey my voice, I prithee make a tryal,  
 Before you give another flat denial.  
 If more sweet comfort I don't yield to you,  
 Then all which doth from sinful actions flow,

Then

Then me reject, but otherwise my Friend  
My Checks receive, and to my motions bend.  
Get peace within whatever thou dost do,  
And let vain pleasures and corruptions go;  
That will be better for thy Soul at last,  
Than Gold or Silver, or what else thou hast:  
And since we are alone let thee and I,  
More mildly talk about Supremacy.  
Is't best for you that Pride and Folly reign,  
Which thought doth bring save sorrow, shame and pain,  
And Conscience to reject, who perfectly  
From guilt and bondage strive to set you free?  
Have not these lusts by which thou now art led,  
Brought many a man unto a piece of Bread?  
What brave Estates have some consum'd thereby,  
And now are forc'd in Barns and Straw to lye?  
How has the Wise been ruin'd with the Child,  
Besides poor Conscience grievously turmayl'd?  
Nay, once again, give ear, I pray thee hark,  
Hav'n't many a brave and curious Spark,  
Been brought in stinking Prisons there to lye,  
For yielding to their Lust and Vanity?  
How many swing at Tyburn every year,  
For stabbing Conscience without care or fear?  
And some also out of their wits do run,  
And by that means are utterly undone:  
Some men do stifle me, I cannot speak,  
And then they sports and play, and merry make,  
Resolving that I shall not gripe them more,  
But quickly then afresh I make them roar.

14 The cause of Conscience's quarrel.

Some of them I do drive into despair,  
When in their face I do begin to stare,  
No rest nor peace at all their Souls can find,  
I so disturb and still perplex their mind.  
What say you now, young man, will you submit?  
Weigh well the danger, and the benefit.  
The danger on the one hand will be great,  
If me you do oppose, and ill intreat.  
Sweet profit comes, you see, on th<sup>e</sup> other hand  
To such who subject are to my command.  
What dost thou say, shall I embraced be?  
Or, wilt thou follow still thy Vanity?

Youth.

Was ever young man thus perplex'd as I,  
Who flourish'd in sweet prosperity?  
Where e're I go, Conscience dogs me about,  
No quiet I can have, in doors nor out.  
Conscience what is the cause you make such strife  
I can't enjoy the comforts of my Life?  
I am so grip'd, and pinch'd in my breast,  
I know not where to go, nor where to rest.

Conscience.

•Cause you have wronged and offended me  
Loving vain Pleasurers, and Iniquity.  
The Light you have, you walk not up unto,  
You know 'tis evil which you daily do.  
My witness I must bear continually  
For the great God, whose glorious Majesty,



*Conscience rebuketh the Mighty.*

15

Did in thy Soul give me so high a place,  
As for to stop you in your sinful race;  
I must reprove, accuse, and you condemn;  
Whilst you by sin, His Sov'raignty contemn:  
I can't betray my trust, nor hold my peace,  
Till I am stabbed, scar'd, or Light doth cease;  
Till you your life amend, and sins forsake,  
I shall pursue you, though your heart doth ake.

*Youth.*

*How bold and malapert is Conscience grown!  
Though I upon this Fellow daily frown,  
And his advice reject, yet still doth he  
Knock at my Door, as if he'd weary me  
Conscience I'll have you know in truth, that I,  
A Person am of some authority:  
Are you so saucy as to curb and chide  
Such a brave Spark, who can't your ways abide?  
Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,  
And it agrees not with my present age;  
For to give place to you, or to regard  
Those things from you I have so often heard.*

*Conscience.*

Alas! Proud flesh, dost think thy self too high  
To be subject to such a one as I?  
Thy betters I continually gain-say,  
If they my motions don't with care obey.  
My Power's great, and my Commission large,  
There's scarce a man, but I with folly charge.

B

The

16 *Conscience rebuketh the Mighty.*

The King and Peasant are alike to me,  
I favour none of high or low degree:  
If they offend, I in their faces fly,  
Without regard or fear of standers by.

*Youth.*

Speak not another word, don't you perceive  
There's scarce a Man or Woman will believe  
What you do say, you're grown so out of date?  
Be silent then and longer do not prate.  
I'th Country your credit is but small,  
There's few care for your company at all:  
The Husband-man the Land mark can't remove,  
But you straight-way him bitterly reprove:  
Nor plow a little of his Neighbours Land,  
But you command him presently to stand.  
There's not a Man can go i'th least awry,  
But out against him fiercely you do fly.  
The People therefore now so weary are;  
They've thrust you out almost of ev'ry Shire:  
And in the City you so hated be,  
There's very few do care a rush for thee:  
For if they should believe what you do say,  
Their Pride and Bravery would soon decay,  
Their swearing, cheating, and their drunkenness,  
Would vanish quite away, or grow much less.  
Our Craft of Profit and our Pleasure too,  
Would soon go down, and ruin'd be by you.  
The whores and bawds with the Playhouses then  
Would be contemned by all sorts of Men.

You

*Conscience in these days slighted.* 17

You strive to spoil us of our sweet delight,  
Our pleasures you oppose with all your might.  
The Fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,  
And make our Youth just like a Country clown.  
We half Pharyaticks should be made ( 'tis clear)  
If unto thee we once inclined were.

But this amongst the rest doth chear my heart,  
There's very few in *London* take thy part.

Here and there one, which we Nick-name do  
Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live. (give  
'Tis out of fashion grown, I daily see,  
*Conscience* for to regard i'th' least degree.

He that can't whore and swear without controul,  
We do account to be a timorous Fool.

Therefore though you so desperately do fall  
Upon poor me, yet I do hope I shall  
Get loose from you, and then I'll tear the ground,  
And in all joy and pleasure will abound.

*Conscience.*

Ah! poor deceived Soul! dost thou not know,  
That most of all mankind i'th' broad way go?

What though they do most wickedly abuse me,

Wilt thou also in the like manner use me?

What though they will of me no warning take,

Till they drop down into the *Strygian* Lake?

VVilt thou be-friend the cursed Serpent so,

As to go on till comes thy overthrow?

What tho I am in no request by them?

Don't they likewise God's Holy Word contemn?

Don't they the Gospel cast quite out of sight,  
 Left from their Pleasures it should them afright  
 What though my friends are tost about & hurl'd,  
 Their inward Peace is more than all the World  
 Can give to them, or from them take away,  
 Whilst they with diligence do me obey;  
 As I enlightned am by Gods Precepts,  
 Which are a Guide and Lanthorn to my steps.  
 O come proud heart, and longer don't contend,  
 But leave thy Lust, and to my Scepter bend:  
 For I'll not leave thee, but with all my pow'r  
 I'll follow thee, unto thy dying hour.

*Youth.*

*Into some private place then I will fly,  
 Where I may hide myself, and secretly  
 There I'll enjoy my self in spite of thee;  
 And thou shalt not i'th least know where I be.*

*Conscience.*

*Nay, foolish youth, how can that thing be done,  
 From Conscience it is in vain to run;  
 No secret place can you find out or spy,  
 To hide your self from me, such is mine Eye.  
 I see i'th' dark, as well as in the Light,  
 No Danyrs nor Walls, will keep thee from my sight.  
 Where e'r thou art, or goest, am I not near  
 Thy Soul with horrid guilt to scare and fear?  
 Could Cain or Judas, get out of my reach,  
 When once between us there was the like breath?*

*Did*

*The Young-man intreateth Conscience.* 19

Did I not follow them unto the end,  
And made them know what 'twas for to offend  
My glorious Prince, and me his true Vice-Roy?  
Vengeance doth follow them who us annoy.  
My Counsel then: I prithee take with speed,  
For that's the way alone for to be freed:  
From Vengeance here, and Wrath also to come,  
When thou do'st die, and at thy day of Doom.

*Youth.*

What! can't I fly from thee, nor thee subdue?  
Then I intreat thee, Conscience don't pursue,  
Nor follow me so close; forbear awhile,  
Don't yet my Beauty, nor my Pleasures spoil.  
This is my Spring and Flower of my age,  
Oh! pity me, and cease thy bitter rage:  
Don't crop the tender Bud, it is too green:  
Oh! let me have those days others have seen.  
Forbear thy hand, till my wild Oats are sown;  
They must be ripe also before they're mown;  
Thou hast forborn with some for a long time  
That which I ask of thee is but the prime,  
Of those good days which God bestows on me,  
Oh, that it might but once obtained be!  
Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,  
After I've spent my time in Gallantry,  
In earth's sweet joys, and such transcendent pleasures  
Which young Men do esteem the chiefest treasures.

20 *The Young Man reproved by Conscience*  
*Conscience.*

After all violence and outrage great  
Done to poor *Conscience*, do you now entreat?  
Thinking for to prevail by flattery,  
But that in Truth I utterly defie:  
'Tis quite against my Nature you must know,  
Unto vile Lust fond pity for to show:  
God has not given such a dispensation,  
For me to wink at your abomination:  
If God doth once but blow your Candle out,  
I shall be quiet then you need not doubt:  
(But woe to you as ever you were born,  
If God doth once his Light to darkness turn.)  
But while in you remains that Legal Light,  
Your Sins I can't endure in my sight.  
No liberty God, I am sure, will give  
To any one, in horrid sin to live;  
Nor will he give allowance for a day:  
'Tis very dangerous for to delay  
The work of thy Repentance for an hour.  
*What thy hands find to do, do with thy pow'r.*  
If me you don't believe, I prithee Youth.  
For to resolve thy self, go to God's Truth:

*Youth.*

Well! since that you no comfort do afford,  
I will enquire of God's most Holy Word:  
So far I will your Counsel take, for I  
Am sorely troubled, whither shall I fly.

I will make tryal, I resolve to see;  
 Whether the *Truth* and *Conscience* do agree.  
 The lip of *Truth* can't lie, though *Conscience* may;  
 When that misguided is, it leads astray.  
 If *Truth* and *Conscience* speak the self-same thing,  
 'Twill some amazement to my Spirit bring.  
 That now I ask for and earnestly crave;  
 Is some short time in sin longer to have,  
*Conscience* denies it me: *Truth* what say you?  
 Oh! that you would a little favour shew  
 To a poor Lad, alas! I am but young,  
 Like to a Flower which is lately sprung  
 Out of the ground, and *Conscience* day and night  
 Strives for to tread me down with all his might:  
 Or, as the Frost the tender Bud doth spoil,  
 So has he stiven to do a great while;  
 Must I reform, and all my sins forsake?  
 Some fitter season then O let me take.  
*For all things there's a time under the Sun,*  
 And when I older am, I will return.

*Truth.*

Nay, hold, vain *Youth*, you are mistaken now,  
 No time to sin God doth to thee allow.  
 If I may speak, attend, and you shall hear,  
 I wish poor *Conscience* must witness bear;  
 I am his Guide, his Rule, 'tis by my Light  
 He acts & does, and speaks the thing that's right,  
 You are undone, if you don't speedily  
 Leave all your sins and cursed vanity.

22 *Truth counsels the Young Man.*

Art thou too young thy evil ways to leave,  
 And yet hast thou a precious Soul to save?  
 Art thou too young to leave iniquity,  
 When old enough in Hell for sin to lie?  
 Some fitter season (Youth) dost think to find?  
 The Devil doth dart that into thy mind.  
 No time so fit, as when the Lord doth call;  
 Those who rebellious are, they one day shall  
 Smart bitterly for their most horrid evil,  
 In yielding to, and siding with the Devil.  
 But once again, prithee hark to me;  
 Don't God, whilst thou art young, call unto thee  
*Remember thy Creator* therefore now,  
 And unto him with speed see you do bow.  
 The first ripe Fruit of Old God did desire,  
 And so of thee likewise he doth require,  
 That thou to him a Sacrifice should'st give  
 Of thy best days, and learn betimes to live  
 Unto the praise of his most Holy Name:  
 And not by sin so to prophane the same.  
 This is (Young Man) also thy choosing time,  
 Whilst thou therefore dost flourish in thy prime,  
 Place thou thy heart upon the Lord above;  
 And with Christ Jesus also fall in Love.  
 Did not *Jehovah* give to thee thy Breath,  
 And also place thee here upon the Earth;  
 And many precious blessings give to thee,  
 That thou to him alone should'st subject be?  
 God out of Bowels sent his precious Son,  
 Thy Soul from evil ways with speed to turn:

Who



Who for thy sake was nailed to the Tree  
To free thy Soul from Hell and misery.  
And whilst in sin (vile wretch) thou dost remain,  
Thou dost as 'twere him Crucifie again :  
Thy sins also (O Young Man) God doth hate,  
His Soul doth loath, and them abominate ;  
Nought is more odious in his blessed sight,  
Than those base lusts in which thou-tak'st delight.  
And wilt thou not O Young Man ! be deterr'd  
From thy vain ways, what is thy heart so hard ?  
Shall nothing move thy Soul for to repent,  
Nor work Convictions in thee to relent ?  
Give ear to *Truth*, *Truth* never spoke a lie;  
And fly from sin and youthful vanity.  
Those that do seek Gods Kingdom first of all,  
And do obey Gods sweet and gracious call,  
They shall find Christ, and lie too in his Breast,  
And reap the comfort of Internal rest :  
But if thou should'st this golden time neglect,  
And all good motions utterly reject ;  
And slight the day of this thy visitation,  
That will to God be such a provocation,  
That he'll not wait upon thee any more,  
Nor never knock hereafter at thy door.  
While terms of peace God doth therefore afford,  
Subject to him, lest he doth draw his Sword.  
If once to anger him you do provoke,  
He'll break your bones, and wound you with his  
*Who can before his indignation stand.* (stroke,  
*Or bear the weight of his revengeful hand?*

How

How darest thou a war with him maintain,  
 And say o're thee Christ Jesus shall not Reign?  
 Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy.  
 And yet presume on his sweet clemency?  
 Wilt thou, vile Traitor-like, contrive the death  
 Of that great King, from whom thou hast thy  
 Wilt thou, cast dirt upon the Holy One, (breath?  
 And keep Christ Jesus from his rightly Throne?  
 Is't not his right thy *Conscience* for to sway?  
 Ought he not there to Reign, and thou obey?  
 Dar'st thou resist his dread and Sovereign power?  
 Yea, or hold parley with him for an hour,  
 To gratifie the Devil, who thereby  
 Renews his strength, yea and doth fortifie  
 Himself in thee, and makes his Kingdom strong,  
 By tempting thee to sin whilst thou art young?  
 The Blackamoor as soon may change his skin,  
 As thou may't leave and turn away from sin,  
 When once a habit and custom's taken,  
 Then sinful ways are hard to be forsaken.  
 Dar'st thou, vile wretch, Christ's Government op-  
 And with the Devil and corruption close? (pose  
 Had'st rather that the Devil reign o're thee,  
 Than unto God Almighty subject be?  
 Which will be best, dost think, for thee i'th end,  
 The Lord to please, and Satan to offend?  
 Or Satan for to please, and so thereby,  
 Declare thy self *JEHOVAH'S* Enemy?  
 For those who live in sin, 'tis very clear,  
 They Enemies to *GOD* and *JESUS* are,

And wilt thou yield unto the devil still,  
 And greedily also his will fulfill?  
 Do'st think, *vain* thou *h*, he'll prove to thee a friend,  
 That thou do'st so his curied way commend?  
 Has Sin (which is his odious excrement)  
 So sweet a smell, yea and a fragrant scent?  
 Shall that which is the superfluity  
 Of naughtiness, be precious in thine eye?  
 And do'st thou value Christ and all he hath,  
 Not worth vain pleasures here upon the Earth?  
 Shall he esteemed be by thee (vile dust!)  
 Not worth the pleasures of a cursed Lust?  
 Is there more good in sinful Vanity,  
 Than is in all the glorious Trinity?  
 That which men think best, that they will chuse,  
 Things of small value, is they do refuse, (Soul,  
 What thoughts hast thou of Christ then, sinful  
 That thou his Messengers do'st thus controul,  
 And do'st to him so turn a deaf ear,  
 His knocks, his calls, and woings wilt not hear,  
 Nor him regard, though he stands at the door,  
 With Myrrhe and Frankincense, yea and all store  
 Of rare Fruit, and chief spice, as *Cinnamon*,  
*Alloes*, *Spikenard*, *Camphire* and *Saffron*,  
 All precious things, poor Soul! of heaven above,  
 He has with him, yet nothing will thee move  
 To open the door: for all his calls and knocks,  
 Thou let'st him stand until his precious locks  
 Are wet with dew and drops of the long night.  
 Thus thou do'st him despise, reject and slight.

And

And rather keep'st thy Lust and Pleasure still,  
 Than that Christ should thy Soul with Heaven fill,  
 Though he ten thousand Worlds doth yet excel,  
 And makes that heart where he in truth doth  
 To be a Heaven here upon the Earth, (dwell,  
 Filling the Soul with precious joy and mirth,  
 Which makes gray-headed Winter like a Spring,  
 And Youths like to Cœlestial Angels sing;  
 The Soul he doth so greatly elevate,  
 That it disdains and doth abominate  
 All sensual pleasures in comparison  
 Of Jesus Chrſt his dear and only one.  
 Let me perſwade thee for to taſte and try  
 How good Chrſt is, for then aſſuredly,  
 Thou wilt admire him, yea, and praiſe the Lord,  
 That ever he did to thy Soul afford,  
 Such a dear Saviour, and ſuch good advice,  
 To lead thy Soul into ſweet Paradice.  
 For none do know the nature of that Peace,  
 That inward joy the which ſhall never ceaſe,  
 But he himſelf who doth the ſame poſſeſs:  
 Oh! taſte and ſee, for then you will confeſs.  
 No Pen can it expreſs, no Tongue declare,  
 It's Nature's ſuch (O Young man) 'tis ſo rare,  
 Chrſt is the *Summum bonum*, it is He,  
 In whom alone is true felicity;  
 Such is the Nature of Man's panting Breſt,  
 There's nought on Earth can give him perfect reſt,  
 'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity:  
 For ſuch, like Beaſts, and other Mortals die.

King-

Kingdom and Crowns they tottering do stand,  
The Servant may the Master soon command,  
*Belsazzar* who upon the Throne did sit,  
His Knees against each other soon did hit.  
How was he scar'd when the hand-writing came,  
And wrote upon the wall, ev'n the same  
That afterwards befell, his End being come?  
Great men oft-times are filled with great fear;  
Being perplext they know not how to fear.  
Tall Cedars fall, when little shrubs abide, (Tide.  
Though Winds do blow and strangely turn the  
For Man in Honour lives but a short space,  
He dyes like to the Beasts, so ends his race:  
Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of old,  
And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?  
Great Monarchs now are moulder'd quite away,  
Who did on Earth the Golden Scepter sway,  
In highest place of Humane Government:  
None ever found therein solid content.  
Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by some,  
How he fate down when he had overcome  
The Eastern world, and did weep very sore  
Because there was one world, and was no more  
For him to Conquer. Thus also 'tis still,  
This world's not big enough Man's Soul to fill.  
Riches and wealth also can't satisfie,  
That precious Soul which in thy breast doth lye.  
If store of Gold and Silver thou should'st gain,  
Tould but increase thy sorrow grief and pain.  
Riches

Riches, O Young man, they are empty things ;  
 And fly most swift away with Eagles wings, (row,  
 When riches thou dost heap, thou heap'st up for-  
 Their thine to day alas ! but gone to morrow.  
 Fires may come and thy Treasures burn ;  
 Or ! hieves steal it, as they have often done.  
 He that hath thousands by the Year this night,  
 May be as poor as *Job* before 'tis light.  
 And as for pleasure, which thy Age doth prize,  
 Why should that seem so lovely in thine eyes ?  
 'Tis but a moment they with thee will last ;  
 And sadness comes also when they are past.  
 The Brute his pleasures hath as well as thee,  
 Man's chiefest good therefore can't pleasure be.  
 And whilst thou strivest thy evil lust to please,  
 Thy raging *Conscience* (*Truth*) who shall appeale ?  
 Wish this sweet Meat I tell thee also Friend,  
 Thou shalt have sour sauce be sure i'th'end.  
 And as for Beauty, that also is vain,  
 Unless thou can'st the inward Beauty gain.  
 What's outward Beauty save, an evil snare.  
 By which vain ones oft-times deceived are ?  
 And on a sudden drawn into temptation,  
 For to commit most vile abomination.  
 That beauty which mans carnal heart doth prize,  
 Renders not lovely in *Jehovah's* Eyes. (tire  
 Though deck'd with Jewels, Rings, and brave array  
 The glorious King their Beauty don't desire ;  
 His heart's not taken with't, but contrariwise  
 The Beauty of vain ones he doth despise.

Thoug

Though very fair, yet if defil'd with sin,  
They like unto Sepulchers are within.  
Loathsome and vile i'th' sight of God are they,  
And soon their seeming Beauty will decay:  
It fades and withers, and away doth pass,  
Just like unto the flower of the grass.  
The curled Locks, yea, and the spotted Face,  
God e'r a while will bring into disgrace.  
Those Ladies which excel all others do,  
Must feed the worms within a day or two,  
Death and the grave will spoil their beauty quite  
And none in them shall never more delight.  
As for thy Age, in youthful days we see,  
Youth minds nought else save cursed vanity.  
Soon may thy Spring also meet with a blast,  
And all thy glory not an hour last.  
The Flower in the Spring which is so gay,  
Soon doth it fade and wither quite away.  
Nothing on earth canst thou find out or spy,  
That will content thee long, or satisfie  
That Soul of thine, if still you search about,  
Till you do find the rarest Science out.  
For if on learning once you place your mind,  
Much vanity in that also you'll find.  
For Humane Knowledge and Philosophy,  
Can't bring thy Soul into sweet Unity  
With God above, and Jesus Christ his Son,  
In whom, poor Youth, is happiness alone.  
Dote not on Honour then, nor yet on treasure,  
Nor Beauty, Learning, Youth, nor Pleasure;

All

All is but Vanity that's here below,  
 Truth and Experience both the same do show,  
 Come, look to Heav'n, seek thou for higher joys,  
 Let Swine take husks and Fools these empty toys.  
*Come taste of Christ*, poor Soul, and then you will  
 Of joys Cœlestial receive your fill.

If thou dost drink but of the Chrystal Springs,  
 These outward joys thou'lt see are trifling things.  
 If Heavens sweetness once thou hadst but caught,  
 Thou wouldst account Earth's best enjoyments  
 Honor & riches too. Christ has great store (naught  
 And at's *Right hand pleasures for evermore.*

Don't think that he who makes Mans life so sweet,  
 Whilst he with grievous troubles here doth meet,  
 And in believing hath such sweetness placed,  
 Though his own Image greatly is defaced,  
 Can't give to him much greater Consolation;  
 When all the sower's vanish of Temptation?  
 If with the bitter, Saints such sweetness gain,  
 What shall they have when they in Glory reign!

### *Youth.*

Be silent Truth, leave off, for I can't bear  
 Your whining strains, nor will I longer hear  
 Such melancholy whimsies, they're such stuff,  
 Which suits not with my age & I have enough  
 Of it already, and also of you,  
 Sith you my int'rest strive to overbrow.  
 When I appeal'd to you I was perplex'd,  
 And with sad melancholy sorely vex'd.



But since I do perceive the Storm is o'r,  
You I don't think to trouble any more.  
Long-winded Sermons Sir, I do not love,  
Nor of your Doctrine in the least approve.  
No liberty to me I see you'll give,  
In sweet delights and pleasures for to live.  
I don't intend Fanatick yet to turn,  
Nor after such distracted People run,  
An ealier way to Heaven I do know.  
And therefore, Sir, Farewel, farewel to you.  
My bride, my sports, and my old company,  
I will enjoy, and all my bravery  
I will hold fast, yea, won't only fulfil  
My fleshly mind, say Preachers what they will;

*Conscience.*

Ah Youth, ah Youth, is't so in very deed.  
Wilt thou no more unto God's truth give heed?  
'Twas but my mouth to stop I now do find,  
That unto Truth you seemingly inclin'd.  
But this, O Soul, I must assure to thee,  
What thou hast heard, has much enlightned me;  
And my Commission too it doth renew,  
As will appear by what doth next ensue.  
Have you from God been called thus upon,  
And shall your heart be hardned like a stone?  
You can't plead ignorance, O Youth 'tis so,  
You plainly now have heard what you should do.  
Your sin will be with grievous Aggravation,  
If quickly you don't make a Recantation.

Your sin will now be of a scarlet dye,  
 And many stripes prepared I espy,  
 With which you must be beat; because that you,  
 Your Masters will so perfectly do know,  
 But for to do the same you still refuse,  
 And your poor Conscience wickedly abuse:  
 You'll shew your self a cursed Rebel now?  
 If unto Christ with speed you do not bow.  
 Wilt thou thy sins retain, when thou dost hear  
 How much against the Living God they are?  
 Wilt thou cast dirt into his Blessed Face:  
 Oh! tremble Soul, and dread thy present case.

*Tenth.*

Now my good days, I see they will be gone,  
 My inward thoughts will ne'r let me alone;  
 Ah that I could but sin without controul,  
 And Conscience would no more disturb my Soul:  
 His bitter gripes much longer I can't bear,  
 He's grown so strong, that little hope is there;  
 But he'll prevail, such Conflicts do I feel,  
 My Courage now and Resolutions reel:  
 But yet I am resolv'd once more to try,  
 And struggle will to get the mastery.  
 I cowardly will not acquit the Field,  
 Nor at the second Summons will I yield.  
 I'll make once more another stout assay,  
 E'r unto Conscience I will yield the day,  
 Ah! how can I my sweet delights forsake,  
 Without resistance to what I make?

Conscience, although I sinful am, I see;  
There's many thousand sinners worse than me:  
There's none can live and from all sin be clear,  
That I from *Truth* did very lately hear.  
My heart is good, though it is true, that I  
Am over-come through humane frailty.

*Conscience.*

O cursed wretch! dar'st thou thy heart commend?  
Come tremble Soul, and it to pieces rend.  
Don't I most clearly in thy heart behold  
Most horrid lust, 'twould shame thee were it told:  
All rottenneis and filthjness do I espy,  
In that base heart of thine to lurk and lie:  
There Vigers breed and many a Cockatrice;  
The spawn of every Sin and evil Vice,  
Like a Sepulchre, Soul, thou art within,  
Nought's there but stink and putrifying sin;  
Out from thy heart all evil doth ascend,  
And yet wilt thou thy filthy heart commend?  
And dost thou think thy state good for to be,  
Cause thou dost find many as bad as thee?  
You are so naught, if you from sin don't turn;  
You must for sin in Hell forever burn.  
Except you do repent, *Truth* tells you plain,  
You perish must, in everlasting pain.

*Youth.*

Well, say no more, if this be so, I must  
Go unto *Truth* again, or I shall burst;

34 *Conscience scaresh the young Man.*

My heart will break I clearly do discern,  
I therefore now must yield, and also learn  
What's my Estate, my Nature, Oh! that I'd know.  
Come *Truth*, I pray will you this favour show,  
As to explain this thing to me more clear,  
For *Conscience* doth my Soul with horror scare.  
Is he i'th right, Oh *Truth*! or is he wrong?  
I find Convictions in me very strong.  
What is my state? declare it unto me,  
And set my troubled Soul at liberty.

*Truth.*

What *Conscience* speaks, O young man is most  
And vain it is with him longer to fight: (right,  
*Conscience* against thee doth his witness bear,  
And dreadful danger also doth declare,  
Those he condemns by light receiv'd from me,  
Th' Eternal God condemns assuredly.  
And God is greater than thy heart, Oh Soul;  
Who can enough thy grievous state condole;  
If *Conscience* doth his Testimony give,  
That you in sin and cursed ways do live,  
And that thou art an unconverted wretch:  
If tis from hence, between you there's a breach,  
And this be so, as it you can't deny,  
What would you do if you this night should die?  
If in this state this life you do depart,  
Undone for evermore, Young man, thou art,  
As sure as is the mighty God in Heaven,  
Against thy Soul the Sentence will be given.

*Con-*

Conscience his power did from God receive,  
And if you don't obey and him believe,  
But do reject his motions, 'tis all one  
As if Christ Jesus you did tread upon:  
Whilst he doth Rule by Laws that are Divine;  
'Tis Treason him to stop or undermin;  
And once again to shew thee thy estate,  
Thou being, Young Man, nor regenerate;  
No God nor Christ have you; 'tis even so,  
And this indeed's the sum of all your woe  
In God no Interest, (Youth) hast thou at all,  
He's quite departed ever since the Fall,  
And is become thy dreadful Enemy,  
His angry Face is set most vehemently  
Against thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing;  
Though thy pride with vengeance down to bring:  
Each Attribute against thy soul is set;  
And all of them also together met,  
To make thee every way most miserable,  
Which wrath for to withstand, what man is able?  
He'll suddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,  
And his Eternal Vengeance make thee bear:  
His wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,  
'Till you by faith are truly born again.

*Youth.*

This Doctrine which to me you do declare,  
It is enough to drive one to despair:  
If it be so, I grant I am undone,  
But God is gracious: and has sent his Sons

36 *The woful state of man by Nature.*

He's full of Bowels, therefore hope do I,  
He'll not on me his Justice magnifie.

*Truth.*

'Tis true God's gracious, yet he will not clear  
Those guilty Souls who don't his Justice fear  
He's very gracious, yet he's full of fire,  
And is to such like a consuming fire.  
He sent his Son 'tis true for Souls to die,  
But many miss and falsely do apply  
His precious Blood: therefore my Counsel take,  
Don't you too soon an Application make,  
Of God's sweet Grace, nor yet of Christ's dear  
Until by you the Gospel's understood. (blood,  
Those who are whole need no Physician have,  
The sick and Wounded soul Christ came to save.  
What dost thou judge thy present state to be,  
How do's it stand, and is it now with thee?

*Youth.*

I am a Sinner, and my heart doth bleed,  
My sin-lick Soul doth a sweet Saviour need;  
My Conscience tells me that I am most vile,  
And grievously for sin doth me turmoil.

*Truth.*

No Saviour you can have, unless you do  
Resolve to leave your sins, and let them go:  
Not for your Wounds is there a help be sure,  
Till Causes be remov'd which do procure,

And

And bring on you that pain and bitter smart,  
Which you cry out of in your inward part.

*Youth.*

My trembling Soul's amaz'd and fill'd with fear,  
Another way, Oh *Truth*! thy course I'll steer,  
I must forsake all evil ways, for I  
Do see the danger and the misery,  
Which doth attend the way that I am in,  
Whilst I do keep and hug my cursed sin,  
There's scarce a night which passeth o'r my head,  
But dread I do the making of my Bed;  
(E'r Morning comes) in the sad depths of Hell.  
My Conscience therefore now does me compel,  
To bid adieu to all sweet joy and pleasure,  
To lies and fraud, and all unlawful treasure.  
In sports and games I'll take no more delight,  
But contrariwise I'll pray both day and night.  
*Conscience* has overcome me with his gripes,  
*Truth* follows him so with his threatned stripes  
The wall's broke down, the old man runs away,  
And *Conscience* follows close to cut and slay:  
And threatens too no Quarter he will give,  
And seems before him every thing to drive.  
Lust forced is in Corners now to fly,  
Where it doth hide it self most secretly,  
And watcheth also, thinking for to get  
An opportunity once more to set,  
And fall on *Conscience*, which it doth disdain,  
Cause *Conscience* says Corruption must be slain,

I side with him because I would have peace,  
But 'tis doubtful when these Wars will cease,

*Devil.*

What Pity is't thy Sun should set so soon,  
Or should be clouded thus before 'tis noon;  
No sooner risen, in thy Horizon,  
And sweetly shines, but presently is gone?  
Shall Winter come before the Spring is past,  
And all it's fruit be spoil'd with one sad blast?  
Shall that brave flower which doth seem so gay,  
So quickly fade and wither quite away?  
What pity 'tis that one so young as thee,  
Should thus be brought into Captivity.  
Heark not to *Conscience*, for I dare maintain,  
'Tis better for to hug thy sins again.  
Thy *Conscience*, *Youth*, thou hast too lately found,  
Doth but amaze and give thy Soul a wound.  
Consider well, advise, and thou shalt see,  
My ways are best, come hearken unto me,  
I'll give honour, pleasure, wealth, and things  
Which priz'd are by Noble Men and Kings:  
Let not this make-bate with one angry frown,  
Throw all thy Glory and thy Pleasures down,  
Let not strange thoughts distress thy troubl'd  
What satisfaction canst thou have or find, (mind,  
But that which floweth from this World alone?  
'Tis I must raise thee to the sublime Throne,  
The Hell thou fearest, may be but a story,  
And Heaven also but a feigned Glory,



If this don't startle thee then speedily  
I will stir up some other Enemy.  
Old Man rouse up, I charge you to awake  
And swiftly too, your life lies at the stake.  
And Mistress Heart, stir up your wilful Will.  
Is this a season for him to sit still?  
If unto *Truth* and *Conscience* he gives place,  
Our Interest will, you'll see go down apace;  
Judgment is gone already and doth yield,  
And Courage too I fear will quit the field.  
Some fins are slain and in their blood do lie,  
And others into holes are forc'd to lie.  
As for affection he doth hold his own,  
Though *Conscience* doth upon him sadly frown.  
Remembrance will unto him trait'rous prove,  
If I his thoughts from sermons can remove,  
I'll make his mind run after things below,  
And raise up trouble which he did not know:  
And he'll forget what he did lately hear,  
And cease will then his former thoughts and fear.  
If I can please his sensual appetite,  
There is no fear of any sudden flight,  
His breast is tender, apt to entertain  
The sparks of Lust which long he can't restrain.  
I'll blow them up and kindle them anew,  
And to Convictions soon he'll bid adieu.  
New objects I'll present unto his sight,  
In which I'm sure he can't but take delight,  
I have such hold of him, there is no doubt,  
But I once more shall turn him quite about.

His

48      *The Youth overcome by temptation.*

*His old Companions also I'll provoke,  
At's door again to give another knock;  
Their strong enticements hardly he'll withstand,  
They can (you see) his Spirit soon command.*

*Youths old Companions.*

*How do you, Sir? what is the cause that we,  
Can't (here of late) enjoy your Company?  
It seems to us as if you were grown strange,  
As if in youth there were some sudden change.*

*Youth.*

*I have not had the opportunity,  
Besides on me there do's some burden lie,  
Which doth press down my Spirits very sore,  
And makes me seldom to go forth o'th door.*

*Companions.*

*I warrant you, Sirs, 'tis sin afflicts his soul,  
And he's just going now for to turn fool.  
Come, come away, to Age such grief belongs,  
To Youth, brave mirth and sweet melodious songs.  
Come, drive these thoughts away with Pip and Pot,  
Sing and Carouse till they are quite forgot,  
The lovely strains of well tuned Lute.  
Where plays they all, do with our Nature sute.  
Come, go with us upon a brave Design,  
The which will cheer that drooping heart of thine.  
Come generous Soul, let thy ambitious eye,  
Such foolish fancies and vain dreams despise,*

*Shall*

*The Youth overcome by temptation.*

*Shall thy Heroick Spirit thus give place  
To silly dotage, to thy great disgrace?*

*VICINUS.*

*The young man yields, being poss'd with fears  
They would reproach him else with scoffs and jeers,  
But after vnd his head begins to ake,  
And Conscience then afresh begins to wake,  
And stings him after such a bitter sort,  
It puts a period to his jovial sport.  
The thoughts of death, which sickness doth preface,  
Doth trouble him, he cannot bear the rage.  
And inward gripes of his enlighten'd breast,  
And therefore now again he thinks 'tis best  
To heark to Conscience, whom he d'd refuse,  
And grievously did many times abuse.*

*Conscience.*

*Go mourn, thou wretch, for sad is thy condition,  
Pour forth amain the Water of Contrition,  
Wilt thou appear to Men godly to be,  
When all is nothing but Hypocrisie?  
Wilt thou to Truth so often lend an ear,  
And yet to Satan also thus adhere?  
You were as good have kept your former Station,  
As thus to yield afresh unto temptation;  
Goun to Truth, if God give space and room,  
Before I do pronounce your final doom.*

*Truth.*



*Truth.*

Come, come, Young Man, Don't thy convictions  
But cherish them, and timely also choose (lose,  
The one thing needful, which alone is good,  
That God may wash thy Soul in Christ his Blood.  
Thy Soul is precious, 'tis of greater worth  
Than all the things that are upon the Earth,  
For if that the whole world you now could gain,  
And the pleasures of it could obtain,  
And in exchange your Soul should lose thereby,  
What would your profit be when you must die?  
When once thy Soul is lost, thou lovest all:  
Oh! that will be a very dismal fall!  
Do'st thou not know what I of Hell declare,  
Of th'hideous howlings of the Damned there?  
How can'st thou with devouring fire dwell?  
Or lie with Devils in the lowest Hell?  
Those who do in their natural state remain,  
Must live for ever in that restless pain.  
All Fornicators, Drunkards, and the Liar,  
Must have their portion in that Lake of Fire:  
With Thieves, Revilers, and Extortioners,  
And such who are most vile Idolaters:  
The Proud, the Swearer, and the Covetous,  
God doth pronounce on them the self same curse,  
And those who live in vile Hypocrisie,  
Or do backslide into Apostasie;  
Let such unto my present words give heed,  
Their pain and torment shall all men's exceed.

What

What wilt thou do, or whither wilt thou fly,  
Where canst thou hide from the great Majesty;  
Who tries the reins, and searches every heart,  
*Conscience* declares that thou most guilty art.  
Condemned Soul! thou know'st that this is so,  
And this moreover which I plainly show.  
Will come to pass as sure as God's above,  
If from all sin with speed you don't remove;  
As sure as you do live where ere you die,  
To Hell you go to all Eternity;  
Except Repentance in your Soul be wrought,  
With vengeance thither you'll at last be brought.  
You are the Man for whom God did prepare  
That dreadful Tophet where the Damned are,  
The which is made exceeding large and deep,  
The Damned in that doleful place to keep.  
Oh! call to mind what *Conscience* doth this day  
Charge you withal, before you're swept away;  
Lest you from him do hear no more at all,  
Till you into those scorching flames do fall;  
What mercy is't that *Conscience* strives so long,  
And his Convictions still in you are strong!  
Oh! fear least sin do fear your *Conscience* wuite,  
And God also put out your Candle light!  
And give you up unto a heart of stone,  
As he in wrath has served many one;  
Then to repent it will be much too late,  
Such is the danger of a lapsed state.  
Young men, take heed you don't this work delay,  
And put it off unto another day.

Your

Your own Experience may discover this,  
 Man's Life a bubble and a vapour is.  
 Alas! thy days on Earth will be but few,  
 They fly away like to the morning dew,  
 Like as the cloud and shadow swiftly flies,  
 Or, dew doth pass as soon as the Sun doth rise;  
 So fly thy days, thy golden months and years,  
 Much like the blossom that most gay appears;  
 And on a sudden fades and do's decay;  
 So Youth oft times doth wither quite away,  
 Thy Age thou do'st unto the Spring compare,  
 And to the Flowers which appear so rare.  
 From hence O young man, learn instruction now,  
 Don't thy Experience daily teach thee how.  
 The Flower withers and hangs down its head,  
 Which curiously of late so flourished:  
 The Meadow's clad in glorious array,  
 But's soon cut down, and turned all to Hay.  
 Like *Jonah's* gourd which sprang up in a night,  
 And perished as soon as it was light.  
 Or like a post which passeth by,  
 Or Weaver's Shuttle which he maketh fly:  
 Or as a Ship when she is under sail,  
 Doth run most swift when she hath a full gale.  
 So are thy days, they in like manner fly,  
 How many little Graves may'st thou espy?  
 Come measure now thy days, and see their length,  
 Number them not by years, by health or strength.  
 All these uncertain rules you must refuse,  
 Though that's the way which most of men do use.  
 They

*Truth's second Sermon.*

They think to live till they old-aged are,  
'Cause their progenitors long-lived were.  
That Rule from *Truth* you see doth greatly vary,  
And which Experience sheweth is contrary.  
You hear the things which you should reckon by,  
Things swift in motion, gone most speedily.  
Thy Life's uncertain, Youth, 'tis but a blast,  
Thy Sand is little, long it will not last.  
Thy house though new, yet it is very old,  
Gone to decay, and turning to the mould.  
You'r born to die, and dead also you were,  
Before you liv'd or breathed in the Air.  
And die you must, before that live you do,  
Except you die to live as I do shew.  
Thy dreadful ruin, Soul, is very nigh,  
Unless thy Tears prevent it speedily.  
What is thy purpose now, what's in thy mind?  
Which way do't think to take, how art inclin'd?

*Youth.*

Thy ways, O *Truth*, I am resolv'd to run,  
And never more will I so folly turn.  
I tremble, at the thoughts of Death and Hell,  
My pains increase, therefore my purpose now  
Is far more stout to be, and for to bow  
Unto Christ Jesus, that I may obtain,  
Some healing Medicine to remove my pain.  
Norest can I, save in my Duty find,  
Unto prayer am very much inclin'd.

*God*

God will I hope, these latter sins forgive,  
 Since more Godly do intend to live:  
 And so resolve to watch and take such care,  
 That Satan shall no more my Soul inshare.

*Vicinus.*

He from this day becomes a great Professor  
 Though far from being yet a true Possessor.  
 Christ he has got into his mouth and head,  
 And not internally rais'd from the dead,  
 But in Old Adam still does he remain,  
 Not knowing what 'tis to be born again.  
 When Satan sees it is in vain to strive,  
 The Soul into its former state to drive;  
 But that it will forsake gross wickedness,  
 And will also the Truths of Christ profess,  
 He yields thereto, resolving secretly,  
 To bind its eyes in close Hypocrisie,  
 And so appears under a new disguise,  
 Most subtilly thy Soul for to surprize,  
 Perwading him the War which he doth find  
 Daily to be within his troubled mind,  
 Is saving Grace against iniquity,  
 Which has prevail'd and got the Victory;  
 When it is common Grace (we do so call)  
 And not the Grace that's supernatural.  
 He takes the work of Legal Reformation  
 For the only work of true Regeneration,  
 Here he doth rest and seem to be at ease,  
 When all is done, his Conscience to appease.



But I'll give place to this Religious Youth,  
To hear discourse between him and the Truth.

*Youth.*

O! hapy I, and blessed be the day,  
That unto *Truth* and *Conscience* I gave way.  
I would not be in my old state again,  
If I thereby some thousands might obtain.  
From Wrath, and Hell, my soul is now set free;  
For I don't doubt, but I converted be.  
The Word with power so to me was brought,  
A glorious change within my Soul is wrought.

*Truth.*

Young man take heed, lest you mistaken are,  
Conversion's hard, it is a work so rare,  
That very few that narrow passage enter, (true  
Though far that way there's thousand do adven-  
Yet miss the mark for all their inward strife,  
They fall far short of the new Creature-life;  
Come, let me hear your grounds of evidence,  
For I don't like your seeming confidence.  
I doubt I shall find you under God's curse,  
And still your Case as bad, if not much worse,  
Then 'twas when you did no Profession make,  
But did your swing in all profaneness take.  
The *Pharisee* was a Religious man,  
Yet nearer Heaven was the *Publican*.  
If short of Christ you fix or fasten do,  
'Twill be your ruin and your overthrow.

D

*Youth.*

48 *The danger of false Foundations.*  
*Youth.*

What do you mean? this Doctrin's too severe,  
 For all might see that I converted were.  
 But if my Grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,  
 You shall forthwith hear what I have to say;  
 And the first Ground which I resolve to bring,  
 For to evince, to clear and prove the thing,  
 Is from Convictions which I have of Sin,  
 Which once I hugged and delighted in.

*Truth.*

*Alas poor Soul! this Reason soon will fly,  
 For most do see their vile Iniquity.  
 They are convinced by their inward light,  
 That sin is odious in Jehovah's sight.  
 But yet vile sinners are nevertheless,  
 And don't one dram of saving Grace possess.  
 King Pharaoh, Esau, yea and Judas too,  
 They were convinced of their sins (you know:)  
 That they were Saints there's no man doth believe;  
 For all those three the Devil did deceive.  
 As he beguiled them, he may likewise  
 With cunning Stratagems your Soul surprise.  
 Nay, and he has, so far as I can judge,  
 Unless you do some better Reason urge,  
 To prove Conversion in your Soul is wrought;  
 I do declare your state is very naught.  
 How many men under Convictions lie,  
 Yet never born again until they die?*

What

*What hast thou else to say and to produce,  
Sith slight Convictions are of little use?*

### *Youth.*

I do not only see my sin, but I  
Do mourn and grieve for sin continually.  
And those which so do mourn they blessed are;  
Don't you also the self same thing declare?

### *Truth.*

*Nay hold a little, thou mayst'st weep amain;  
And yet in thee may many evils reign.  
And thou mayst mourn for sin, as many do,  
Because of shame, of bitter pain and wo,  
Which now it brings, and leads unto it's end,  
And not because thereby you do offend  
The living God, and wound your Saviour, who  
Did for your sake such torment undergo.  
Mourn more for th'evil which doth come thereby;  
Than for the evil which in it doth ly.  
This ground is weak, for Esau. it appears,  
Did mourn and weep, and let fall bitter tears:  
And yet you know that Esau was prophane,  
And far was he from being born again.*

### *Youth.*

But I go further yet, I do confess  
My horrid evils, and my guiltiness;  
If I confess my sins, as I have done,  
God he is just, and is the Faithful one;

*The Wicked confess their sin.*

Who will my sins forgive and pardon quite,  
 And blot them out of his own precious sight.  
 This being so, what cause then can you see,  
 But that I am turn'd from my Iniquity?

*Truth.*

*This will not do, 'tis not a certain ground;  
 Some do confess their sins whose heart's unsound,  
 When Pharaoh saw the judgment of Hail,  
 His heart began then greatly for to fail;  
 I've sinn'd at this time, the Lord is just, said he,  
 I, and my people (also) wicked be.  
 Though Pharaoh, Saul, and Judas, each of them,  
 God did reject, and utterly condemn;  
 Yet these, when under Wrath, are forc'd to cry,  
 Lord we have sinned; their Conscience so did fly  
 Into their Faces, that it made them quake,  
 And unto God Confession strait to make.  
 Confession may be made also in part,  
 And not of every sin that's in the heart.  
 Men may confess their sin, and their great guilt  
 Who the dire nature of it never felt:  
 Confess their sins in their extremity,  
 When Conscience pinches them most bitterly:  
 Confess their sins which they committed have,  
 Yet don't intend those cursed sins to leave.*

*Youth.*

But I confess, and also do forsake,  
 My state therefore 'tis clear you do mistake.

Those

Those who confess and do their sins forego,  
God will to them his precious Mercy show,  
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,  
I for my part am truly born again.

*Truth.*

*In this also you may deceived be,  
Men may forsake all gross iniquity,  
Yet in their Souls may some sweet morsel lie,  
Which they may hug and keep close secretly.  
They may sin leave, but not as it is sin,  
Which has too often manifested bin.  
If the least sin thou did'st forsake aright,  
All sin would then be odious in thy sight.  
Judgment and Reason may your sins oppose,  
And utterly refuse with them to close;  
Yet may thy will and thy affections join,  
To favour still and love those sins of thine.  
If sin's not out of thy affection cast,  
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at last:  
If sins i'th will and in th' affections found,  
'Tis a true sign thy heart is quite unsound.  
Like to the Sea-man some Professors do,  
Who over-board some Goods are forc'd to throw  
When they do meet with storms and bad weather,  
Lest all their goods and ship do sink together.  
When in the soul great storms and tempest rise,  
The Devil then may subtilly advise  
The Soul to throw some of its sins away,  
To make a Calm, that so thereby he may*

52. *Conscience forceth to leave sin.*

*Perswade the Soul the danger is quite gone,  
And that the work in him is fully done.  
'Tis not enough therefore some sins to leave,  
But every sin you must resolve to heave  
And cast o're-board, yea and that willingly,  
Or else you sink to all Eternity.  
Not by constraint, as Conscience doth compel,  
As some are forc'd to be, who like it well;  
Who leave the Act, but love to it retain;  
Such leave their sins, and yet their sins remain.*

*Youth.*

*These are hard sayings which you do relate,  
And I indeed should question my estate,  
Were't not for other grounds and reasons clear  
By which I know that I converted were.  
Sir! there's in me a very glorious change;  
Most Men admire it, and do think it strange,  
That one who lately did both scoff and jeer  
Those Men and People which I now do hear;  
And followed Vice, and ev'ry vanity,  
Should on a sudden thus reformed be:  
And utterly my self also deny,  
Of my sweet joys, and former Company.*

*Truth.*

*From outward filthiness a Man may turn,  
And not be chang'd in heart when he has done,  
A Legal change I grant he may be under,  
Yet may not Soul and Self be cut asunder.*

## *The Legal Convert.*

53

*An outward change in men there may be wrought,  
And yet their hearts within be uery naught.  
The Swine that wallows in the Mire now,  
May washed be, but still remains a Sow.  
Persons may cleanse the out-side of the Cup,  
And Dogs may spew their nasty Vomit up;  
But yet do keep their Beastly nature still,  
And e're a while they manifest it will.  
Many professors fall away and die,  
For want of being changed thorowly.  
The Pharisee was chang'd, he did appear  
As if indeed a precious Saint he were;  
And differ'd quite from the poor Publican,  
And thought himself a far more happy Man.  
But all this was in shew and not in heart,  
And therefore had in Christ no share nor part.  
Except your Righteousness doth his excel,  
You in no wise shall in God's Kingdom dwell.  
Tis a false change, and cannot be a true,  
Unless in you all things are wholly new.  
Old Herod will reform in many things,  
When once he finds his Conscience bites and stings.  
To hear John Baptist also was he led,  
Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his Head.  
So far this seeming Saint was turn'd aside,  
That he also your Saviour did deride;  
And with his Men of War set him at nought,  
Whilst Accusations they against him sought;  
Simon the Sorcerer also you read  
Was changed so, he gave great care and heed,*

*To Philip's Preachings; yea, and suddenly  
 He leaves his Witchcrafts and his Sorcery;  
 And yet a cursed Causse all the while,  
 Like a Sepulchre painted, inward vile.  
 Another Man in shew 'tis like thou art,  
 Yet not made new, and changed in thy heart;  
 Men in thy Life may no great blemish spy,  
 Yet in thy breast much rottenness may ly.  
 Toward all men thy Conscience may be clear;  
 Conscience so far may for thee witness bear,  
 That you in Morals it do not offend;  
 Yet unto God it may not you commend;  
 But contrarie wise it in your face may fly,  
 And you condemn for sin continually,  
 For secret evils which it's privy to,  
 Which none knows of save only God and you.  
 Therefore, Oh! Young man, if you look about,  
 Of your Conversion you have cause to doubt;  
 Satan so greatly may your heart deceive,  
 That not one dram of Grace your Soul may have  
 Which saving is, and of the purest kind,  
 For that, alas! there's very few do find.*

### *Youth.*

But I am call'd of God, and do obey  
 The Voice of Truth and Conscience every day.  
 God's called ones I'm sure you can't deny,  
 But they are such whom he doth justify:  
 Therefore 'tis clear and very evident,  
 That Grace alone hath made me penitent.



My heart is sound, my Graces true also,  
My Confidence there's none shall overthrow.

### Truth.

Thou seem'st too confident, 'tis a bad sign;  
For fears attend where saving Grace doth shine.  
I tell thee, Youth, that many called be,  
But few are chosen from Eternity.  
Judas was call'd, and did obey in part,  
And yet he was a Devil in his heart.  
There is an outward an inward call,  
The latter only is effectual;  
Therefore you must produce some better ground,  
For this don't prove that your conversion's sound;  
But that thou may'st stick fast still in the Birth,  
Or prove Abortive when thou art brought forth.  
'Tis rare, O Youth, for to be born anew,  
And hard to find out when the work is true.

### Youth.

Though it be so, what cause have I to fear,  
When that my Evidences are so clear?  
I do believe, and trust in God through Faith,  
And he which so doth do, the witness hath  
Within himself, and shall assuredly  
Be saved also when he comes to dy.

### Truth.

Thou may'st believe as most of people do,  
And yet to Hell at last thy Soul may go.

The Faith of Credence it is like you have,  
Which cannot quicken, purifie or save.  
Some Jews believ'd in Christ you also find,  
Yet to their Lusts their hearts were then inclin'd,  
And one of Satans Kingdom were not freed,  
Nor made Disciples of the Lord indeed.  
Simon the Sorcerer he did believe,  
Yet did his Soul no saving Grace receive;  
But was a Child of Satan ne're the less,  
And still was in the Gall of bitterness.  
The stony ground with joy receiv'd the seed,  
And for a time brought forth, as you may read,  
And yet their hearts, they were but hearts of stone,  
Their Faith 'twas temporary, soon 'twas gone;  
The Devils do believe as well as you,  
Yea, and confess that Jesus they do know;  
They tremble also, which some men can't say  
They ever did unto this present day.  
Such Faith as Devils have, most men obtain,  
Which serves for nought, save to augment their pain;  
If on a Death bed Conscience do awake,  
'Twill cause them then to tremble and to quake,  
And roar like Devils when they do espy  
The dreadful wrath of that great Majesty,  
Whom they offended, and against their Light  
And knowledge too, most wickedly did slight.  
This Faith will serve their Grief to aggravate,  
But not to help them out of that estate;  
'Tis ease to believe that Christ did dy,  
But hard his Blood in Truths for to apply.

Men may raise up the dead to life again,  
As easie as true saving Faith obtain  
By their own power and inherent skill,  
Naught doth oppose it more than mans own will;  
Until Almighty Power makes it bend,  
It will not to Grace nor Jesus condescend.  
That Power which rais'd up Jesus from the dead,  
Works Faith in Saints, whereby they'r quicken'd:  
The Faith of Credence, and Historical,  
As easie had, I ne're deny it shall;  
But precious Faith, the Faith of God's Elect,  
As 'tis a Grace and gloriously bedeck'd  
With other Graces, so 'twill never grow,  
But in the honest heart where God doth sow  
The Blessed Seed, which like a Garden pure,  
Doth yield its fruits to th' last, you may be sure.  
And when this Faith is wrought in any Soul,  
It throws down self, and wholly then doth rowl  
On Jesus Christ, as its beloved one,  
On whom it rests, and doth depend alone.  
If God hath wrought this precious Grace in thee,  
In thou dost hate, yea, all iniquity.  
And Lust doth not predominate and reign,  
Thou by Faith art truly born again.  
Christ thou extol'st as he is Priest and King,  
And as thy prophet too in every thing:  
He does in thee wholly the Scepter sway,  
And thou art govern'd by him every day.  
It can't prevail; such is thy happy case,  
Thou hast got this rare victorious Grace:

It purges and doth purifie thy heart,  
 Wholly renewing thee in every part.  
 Men by its fruits true Faith do come to know,  
 And by their works the same do also show;  
 What Faith is thine? what think'st thou now of  
 I greatly fear 'twill prove a counterfeit.  
 Examine thy estate, and take good heed  
 To close with Jesus Christ, and that with speed.  
 For as th' Body without the Spirit's dead,  
 The same of Faith you know is also said.  
 Without Obedience doth thy Faith attend,  
 Yet for all this you'll perish in the end.

### Youth.

I am obedient, and am free to join  
 In fellowship with Saints, such is mine:  
 I willing am to do, as to believe;  
 The Devil can't therefore my Soul deceive.  
 For I have clos'd with Christ already so,  
 That none my faith shall ever overthrow:  
 The many Prayers I make both day and night  
 Do doubtless prove that my Conversion's right.

### Truth.

I tell thee Sou', men may do more than this,  
 And yet they may of true Conversion miss.  
 Gods Ordinances many do obey,  
 And Members of Gods holy Church are they,  
 And of its priviledges seem to share,  
 As if that they truly Converted were:

*Hypocrites not easily discerned.* 59

they may discourse, and seem to be devout,  
and may not be discerned nor found out.  
they with the flock may walk, lie down and feed,  
and so remain till many years succeed;  
they, not discovered be until they stand  
amongst the Goats, at Jesus Christs left-hand.  
the foolish Virgins join'd themselves with wise,  
and far to meet the Bridegroom did arise:  
but ere the Bridegroom came their case was sad,  
for they nought else save empty Vessels had,  
bare Profession, and a meer out-side;  
many great Preachers and Disputers too  
Christ will not own, nor any favour shew,  
though in his name they mighty works have done,  
he'll say to them, Ye wicked ones, be gone,  
know you not, therefore be gone from me  
ye vile workers of Iniquity.  
they say oft-times you seek the Lord in Prayer;  
that you may do, and let fall many a tear,  
and yet not be in a converted state:  
many seek with tears, when 'tis too late.  
others like Sea-men in a storm, do cry,  
when Conscience doth rebuke them bitterly.  
and some under Affliction cry and howl,  
and grievously their state do then condole;  
on Promises and resolutions make,  
that they such Courses will no longer take:  
but when the storm, and the affliction's o're,  
they are as bad, nay worser than before.

40 Hypocrites may make many prayers

Some Pray in Form, and others Pray by Art,  
And some to mend the badness of their Heart;  
Their hearts are wounded, and then speedily,  
Their Prayers to heal it, they do straight apply.  
They sin i'th' day, and Pray when it is night;  
They sin again, but Pray'r doth heal it quite.  
They think 'tis well if Tears they can let fall,  
Their Prayers and Tears they think will cure all;  
And so that way poor Conscience they beguile,  
They silence him; yet sinners all the while.  
Their Pray'rs alas! can't wash their filth away,  
Tho they do nothing else both night and day.  
'Tis on their Pray'rs they rest, and do depend.  
Which like a broken staff will fail i'th' end.  
A Saint in Prayer, no rest nor ease can gain,  
Unless Christ's blood to ereby he doth obtain;  
And Grace also his sins to mortise;  
For Christ, as well as pardon, he doth cry.  
But contrar'wise it is with most of Men,  
They cry for Pardon, but do also then  
In their vile hearts regard Iniquity;  
And for this cause God doth their suit deny.  
Their Prayers are to God abomination,  
Whilst they do hide and cover their transgression.  
Some out of Custom do perform their Prayer,  
Not out of Conscience or from Godly care,  
And others also for vain-glory sake,  
Like Pharisees they many Prayers do make  
In sight of Men, in publick such will pray,  
But in the Closet little have to say.

*The Prayer of the wicked is sin.* 61

And some to God also seem to draw near,  
Yet not in love, nor out of filial fear, (show  
They with their mouths and tongues much kindness  
When as their hearts are fixt on things below.  
'Tis for the heart which Christ doth chiefly call,  
And Reason 'tis that he should have it all.  
For he the same did buy and purchase dear,  
Yet Satan has the chief possession there.  
God at the door, and in the porch doth stand,  
While Satan may the bravest room command.  
They'll open to him, and keep Jehovah out,  
And yet in Prayer they seem to be devout.  
There's some will pray, and up this duty keep,  
When th' Soul is quite, and th' Body near asleep.  
Whoever prays, and prays not fervently,  
In Faith, in Truth, and in Sincerity; (hear,  
Their prayers are sin, and them God will not  
Nor mind their cry when they to him draw near.  
'Tis not enough a Duty for to know,  
But how also each Duty you shall do.  
For Men may Pray, Read, Hear, and Meditate:  
And yet be in an unconverted state.  
They outwardly may many Truths profess,  
But not in heart the power of them possess.  
The Law with Letter keep, yea have the Shell,  
Yet feed on husks, and want the true kernel.  
The Young man which to Jesus Christ did run,  
He many things as well as you had done,  
And yet fell short, as you may plainly see,  
Of the chief part of true Christianity.

What say you now, O Youth, do you not fear,  
 That you by Satan much deceived are?  
 Have you no Dalilah which secretly  
 Doth in your heart, or in your Bosom ly?  
 Don't you to sin some secret love retain?  
 If it be so, you are not born again.  
 Conscience I fear, and Gods restraining Grace,  
 Has only stopt you in your former race.  
 Like to a Dog that's kept up by a Chain,  
 So Conscience does from sin oft-times restrain.  
 But if the Chain should slip, then loose he goes,  
 And presently his churlish nature shows.  
 To your own Righteousness do you not trust?  
 I fear you do: come speak, or Conscience must.  
 Don't you conclude God is oblig'd to you,  
 Since you have let so many evils go?  
 And are so holy here of late become,  
 Are not your duties set up in the room  
 And place of Christ? Oh! see you do not make  
 A Saviour of your own (for Jesus sake;)  
 Did ever sin sinful to you appear,  
 And as 'tis Sin, to it great hatred bear?  
 Would you not sin, were there no Hell of pain,  
 Because you knew the Lord doth it disdain?  
 Rather is't not for fear of Punishment,  
 That you of late seem thus for to relent?  
 Or doth there not some carnal, base design  
 Move thee so far unto Gods Truth to join?  
 Is not thy end to get a name thereby,  
 Or only done, Conscience to satisfy?



*The hope of Hypocrites doth perish. 63*

Or done to free thee from reproach and shame,  
Which sin doth bring upon a Persons Name:  
Ha'st not it done, and wisely cast about  
This way, for to prevent a banker out?  
Or done for to augment thy onward store,  
To save thy stock, and add unto it more?  
For Riotous Living which attends thy Age,  
Consumes apace, and want it doth presage.  
Come speak, O Youth, and be thou not unfree,  
To let me understand how 'tis with thee.  
Come, call to mind what thou hast heard of late,  
And thereby judge of this thy present state.

*Youth.*

I do not see but my condition's good,  
I have such Hope and Faith in Christ's dear blood:  
Though many imperfections I do see,  
Yet God is gracious, and will pardon me,  
For many failings there are in the best:  
What is amiss, I'll mend, and so do rest.

*Truth.*

Thy Hope will fail like to the Spiders Webb,  
Thy flood of Confidence will have its ebb,  
If thou prove guilty of those things which I,  
Did unto thee so lately signifie.

Thy spots will not be like the spots of those,  
Which God for Children to himself hath chose:  
And once you are so loth for to be try'd,  
And lest you should also some evils hide

Lust

64 *Truth summons Conscience.*

To *Conscience*, I'll appeal, you have done wrong,  
To stop his mouth and hinder him so long :  
He's so enlightned now he can declare,  
As much as we at present need to hear,  
He'll speak the truth, and his opinion show,  
And nothing will he hide which he doth know.  
If unto him you will attend with care,  
Of other witnesses no need is there.  
If he, O Young Man, be but on your side,  
And is your Friend, you need none else provide.  
But if against you, and do prove your Foe,  
With vengeance then be sure down you will go.  
But if you will not hear what he shall say,  
He'll make you tremble in the Judgment day.

*Conscience*, I do i'th' Name of the great King,  
Require you forth your evidence to bring.  
Against this Man, accuse, or set him free,  
According as you find his state to be :  
Stand up for Christ your dread & sovereign Lord,  
And judge for him as he doth light afford.  
Be not deceiv'd by Lust, a Bribe to take,  
But judge by Law ; Christ's honour lies at stake.  
For to speak home and loud have you forgot ?  
Is he converted now or is he not ?  
What do you say ? your Testimony give :  
Is all sin dead, or doth there any live ?  
Is he new born, and chang'd in every part ?  
Or is't in shew only, and not in heart ?

Or

Con-

## Conscience.

Sir, say no more, I am at your command,  
And you shall hear how things at present stand.  
He hath, *O Truth*, almost deceived me  
By's late pretences unto sanctity:  
But having now a-fresh receiv'd more light,  
I must declare he is an Hypocrite.  
He's not renew'd or truly born again;  
Which I to you shall clearly now explain.  
For, first of all, his Faculty, call'd Will,  
That is perverse and very wicked still;  
Though I stir up to good every hour,  
Will doth oppose it with his greatest pow'r.  
He'll never pray in private day nor night,  
But I must force him to't with all my might:  
The old man is not slain I do espy,  
But has much favour shown him secretly.  
Though I do force him into holes to run,  
Yet he doth nourish him when all is done.  
His Love and his Affections are for sin,  
And so in truth they ever yet have been.  
He's troubl'd more at sin because of guilt,  
Than at the *Odium* of its cursed filth.  
When he's abroad amongst Religious Men,  
Precise and Zealous he is always then:  
But when amongst such who ungodly be,  
He suits himself to their vile company.  
Some sins are left which *Men* condemn as gross,  
Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very close:

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Some sins are left which *Men* condemn as gross,  
Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very close:

Lust doth bear rule and much prenominate,  
 And he on it doth love to ruminare.  
 'Tis shame and outward fear doth him restrain,  
 Or else the act he would commit again.  
 If he from outward blots can keep his Name,  
 That Saints can't him accuse nor justly blame,  
 He's satisfied, and very well content,  
 Though to his Peace I never gave consent.  
 Peace he oft-times doth speak unto his Soul,  
 And force will suffer me him to controul.  
 When I sometimes do catch him in a lye,  
 And do reprove him for Hypocrisie:  
 To stop my Mouth he vows he will with speed  
 Amend what is amiss, and take more heed.  
 And more than this of him I could relate,  
 And shew how you have hit his present state:  
 But that he will not suffer me to speak,  
 He blinds my eyes, that so I might not rake  
 Into his heart and life, lest he thereby  
 Meet with great shame for his iniquity.

*Truth.*

*Conscience*, forbear, you need not to enlarge  
 If you do lay these things unto his charge.  
 He is undone, alas! his precious Soul  
 Is under wrath; who can enough condole  
 His sad estate! the Gospel he'll profess,  
 But still remains i'th' gall of bitterness.  
 Is this the Saint that seemed so precise,  
 And did appear God's Statutes much to prize?

A Saint in shew, a Devil in his Heart,  
And must with Devils also have his part:  
The day is coming, and is very near,  
When Hypocrites shall be surpriz'd with fear;  
The everlasting burning fiery Lake,  
Is made more hot on purpose for their sake:  
But since you are not scar'd, nor I yet gone,  
Before you leave him quite do you go on:  
Let us pursue him still, for who doth know  
What God may yet upon his Spirit do?  
If God grant him one dram of saving Grace,  
That will yet do; though 'tis a doubtful case,  
Whether or no God will his Grace afford  
To such as he, who thus offends the Lord.  
For such whom Satan doth this way deceive,  
'Tis hard to bring them truly to believe.  
He never was convinced thorowly  
Of Sin, and of his nat'ral misery.  
His lost estate he truly never saw,  
Nor what it is for to transgress God's Law.  
How he's undone thereby he never knew,  
Nor what for sin original is due.  
And as he did for sin ne'r kindly bleed;  
So of a Christ he never saw the need.  
Th'absolute want and great necessity  
Of Jesus Christ, he never did espy;  
But on false bottoms he has built 'tis clear;  
do conjure you therefore to declare  
him utterly unclean from top to toe,  
and let him understand you are his Foe.

68 *The cruel gripes of Conscience.*

The Plague is in his head, and no place free,  
But in his heart it rages vehemently.  
Lance him unto the quick, and make him feel,  
Lay on such blows as may cause him to reel.

*Conscience.*

Come, come, O Young Man, listen unto me,  
I will no longer thus deceived be.  
I from Gods Word Commission have anew,  
To tell thee what is like for to ensue;  
For all thy hopes and seeming goodly show;  
Thou art a wretched sinner thou dost know.  
Think'st thou on *Conscience* to commit a Rape,  
And yet God's dreadful vengeance to escape?  
Dar'st thou again under a new disguise,  
Encounter with thy former Enemies?  
You are the same, I'm sure, although you have  
Changed your Coat, poor Mortals to deceive.  
Ungodly wretch! dost thou not dread my Name,  
Who'm come once more against thee to proclaim  
A second War, and to declare also,  
God's still thy Enemy and bitter Foe?  
His Sword is whet, his bow he'll also bend,  
To cut down those that do like thee offend.  
Naught he hates more than vile Hypocrisie,  
And from his presence, Youth, thou canst not fly.

*Youth.*

*Conscience*, be still, though I a sinner be,  
There's none doth know it now save only thee.

*Conscience*



*The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience. 69*

*Conscience.*

Deceived Soul ! doth none know it but I?  
Where's the great God, is he not also nigh?  
Do'st think, vain Youth, the interposing Cloud,  
From Gods all searching Eye can be a shroud?  
Or do'st thou think God's Seat is so on high,  
That he cannot thy inward thoughts espy?  
None know't but me! know'st thou not who I am?  
Have I not pow'r for to accuse and damn?  
Should I be still, it would be a sad day,  
Unless thy sins were purged clean away.  
And whilst I speak, and thou stop thine Ear,  
Nothing but War and Tumults thou wilt hear,  
I'll never side with thee, nor take thy part.  
Whilst horrid guilt remains in thy base heart.  
Nor would I mind thy flattery or frown,  
Wert thou the highest Prince of great'st Renown,  
That ever did on Earth a Scepter sway,  
Before thy face I would thy evils lay.  
At th' smallest sin be sure I can't connive;  
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to strive.  
For where I am an enemy indeed,  
I'll plague that heart until I make it bleed.  
A close and secret Foe, Young man, am I,  
Who am also with thee continually,  
What e'r you think or speak, yea, act or do,  
Of it (poor Soul) I very well do know:  
Thy secret Lust, and what is done i'th' night.  
Which thou ashamed art should come to light:

70 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

I then am nigh, and know it very well,  
And more than this I am resolv'd to tell;  
I upto thee shall prove an Enemy.  
When thou art brought into adversity;  
When death and sickness comes, then thou shalt  
How thou with Horror shalt amazed be. (see  
Then my black Bill against thee will be large,  
For then against thee I will bring a charge,  
Which will make thy sad face like ashes look,  
And wound thy Soul as if a Knife had struck  
Into thy very heart, and make thee mourn,  
And curse the day that ever thou wast born.  
I'll make thee understand (clearly) i'th'end,  
What 'tis (vile wretch) poor *Conscience* to offend.  
Heark once again, for I have more to say;  
When this life's ended, there's another day.  
Look now about thee, Youth, for there's to come,  
The black, the dark, and dreadful day of doom.  
When thou dost die, I'll bite and sting thy Soul,  
Whilst that in flames doth burn and doth condole  
Its damned state for yielding unto sin,  
Which has alone the ruin of it bin.  
And also when i'th' Judgment day you stand  
Amongst the Goats at Jesus Christ's left hand,  
Thy dreadful state and tryal for to hear,  
Then I against thee straight-way must appear;  
Yea, and shall speak more plainly than now I can,  
Because I'm clouded by the fall of Man;  
And am by Satan oftentimes misled,  
And utterly unable rendered.

*The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience. 71*

A true and right decision for to make,  
He so beguils me that I do mistake,  
And a wrong judgment oftentimes retain,  
Till truth sets me into the right again.  
But Satan then shall no more power have,  
The heart of any Man for to deceive.  
I in that day shall you provoke and urge,  
For to confess with shame before the Judge,  
Thy evil Lust and close Hypocrisie,  
Unto thy own Eternal Misery.  
I shall accuse thee so in that great day,  
Thou shalt not have one word (youngman) to say,  
Thy inward parts so open'd thou then shall be;  
That nothing shall be hid i'th'least from me;  
And I before the dreadful Judge shall show,  
All secret things that ever you did do;  
And in your face so fiercely also fly,  
That you with horror shall be forc'd to cry,  
*Guilty, guilty, O Lord!* then thou must hear  
The dreadful Sentence, which no one can bear;  
*Go, go, ye Cursed!* that's a word of ire,  
And you must down into eternal fire,  
Where Hypocrites and Unbelievers lie,  
Broyling in pain to all eternicy.  
And as the fire evermore will burn,  
And thou from thence shalt never more return:  
So also I shall then afflict thy Soul,  
Whilst thou in scalding Sulphur flames dost roul.  
I like a Worm, or Serpent, then will bite,  
And gnaw thy Soul, thou cursed Hypocrite.

Those

72 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

Those inward strings which always thou wilt find,  
Or cruel gnawings in your tortur'd mind,  
Will then increase and aggravate thy woe,  
In such a sort there is no Tongue can show:  
You then will think how you did me abuse,  
And my good Counsel utterly refuse.  
And how you labour'd to put out my light,  
Who in God's paths would lead your feet aright.  
Your base delays and put-offs you'll repent,  
And that your time so foolishly was spent:  
That you for love which unto Lust you bore,  
Should lose your Soul, and that for evermore.  
To think how near you were unto Salvation,  
Will prove another grievous aggravation:  
To bid so fair for Heaven, yet to miss;  
What greater trouble can there be than this?  
To see the Ship i'th' mouth o'th Haven lost,  
That doth, ye know, perplex the Merchant most.  
I'll tell you also how you wilfully  
Brought on your self that dreadful misery:  
And how I did oft-times to you declare  
The bitter torments which you then must bear:  
And what your Pride and Lust would bring you to,  
If you did not resolve to let them go.  
Ah! thou wilt see how thou art quite undone,  
And how all hopes for evermore are gone.  
Thoughts of those golden Seasons once you had  
And vainly lost, will then be very sad.  
Thou might'st, had'st thou improv'd the means of  
Beheld with *Saints* God's reconciled face, (Grace,  
And

*The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience. 73*

And enter'd Paradise, where Angels sing  
Anthems of Joy to the Eternal King.

Thou might'st have sung to him melodious Psalms  
With those whose hands shall bear triumphant  
Who with eternal love shall ravi'shd be, (Psalms.  
Reigning with Christ to all Eternity.

Heaven is a place whose glory doth excel,  
The thousandth part of it no tongue can tell.

Mans heart (*Truth says*) cannot i'th'least conceive  
What those shall have who truly do believe.

Who would lose Christ and his immortal treasure  
For one base Lust and moments time of pleasure?

But if what's said of Heaven will not invite thee,  
Then let Hell torments with black vengeance fright

And make thee yield to *truth* without delays (thee,  
Before God puts a Period to thy days.

As Eye can neither see, nor Tongue express  
The glory which God's Saints in heav'n possess:

So there's no Man which can conceive the woe  
That Souls shut up in Hell do undergo.

If Men could number all the Stars of Heaven,  
Or count the dust which with the wind is driven;

Or tell the Drops of Waters in the Seas,  
Or count the Sands; then might a man with ease

Declare the nature of that dreadful pain,  
Which damned Souls for ever must sustain.

But Stars, nor Dust, nor Drops, nor Sands can be  
Number'd by any man, neither can he

Express the nature of God's dreadful ire,  
Which Souls lie under in Eternal fire.

74 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

In *Hell* all's darkness, not one beam of Light :  
What's greater sorrow than Eternal Night ?  
In *Hell* all's Death, and yet there is no dying,  
Naught there is heard but a most hideous crying.  
Their pains end not, from it there's no exemption,  
Their cries admit no *help*, there's no redemption,  
Nor none to pity them, nor hear their groans,  
Whilst they do make their lamentable moans.  
The Lord who dy'd, will then rejoyce to see,  
Vengeance pour'd forth upon those Souls that be  
Vessels of Wrath, who for rejecting Grace  
Must have their portion in that doleful place.  
No earthly pain or torment can declare  
The woful anguish which the damned bear :  
For if those Plagues could be defin'd by Men,  
Infinite punishment 'twould not be then.  
Infinite Wrath it is to satisfy ;  
And God be sure, will Justice magnify.  
Didst thou but hear the groans and hideous cry  
Of Souls condemned to Eternity.  
How would it scare and cause thy Heart to ake,  
And every limb of thee tremble and quake !  
Think, think on this, before the time doth come  
That God doth pass on thee thy final doom.

*Truth.*

(peace,

What say'st thou now ? how canst thou sleep in  
Until these inward gripes of *Conscience* cease ?  
How canst it think 'th' least thy state is good,  
When *Conscience* swells and makes so great a flood ?

Or

*The Young Man deeply VVounded. 75*

Or raises storms and tempests in thy breast?  
Because of sin he will not let thee rest.  
Come, make a search, *Conscience* is not misled,  
The very Truth before you he has spread.  
What will you do at death and Judgment day,  
If *Conscience* thus you slight and disobey?  
Make peace with God, for worser are his cries,  
Than if ten thousand witnesses should rise  
Against thy Soul, 'twill be a dreadful thing  
To have thy *Conscience* then to bite and sting.

*Youth.*

Some comfort, Truth, alas my Soul doth melt;  
Such gripes as these what Man has ever felt?  
I have some doubt my state is very nought,  
And that *Conversion* is not truly wrought.  
My heart condemns me, and doth me reprove;  
'Tis thou alone which canst my grief remove.

*Truth.*

Before you have a Plaister for your sore,  
Your wound must yet be search'd a little more:  
If slightly heal'd only for present ease,  
The Remedy's as bad as the Disease. (ceive?  
Do'st know what time thou didst this wound re-  
'Tis worser far, I fear, than you believe:  
'Tis deep, it stinks, yea, and 'tis venomous:  
And doth expose thee to God's dreadful Curse.  
The sting or dart sticks fast into thy Liver,  
Which doth thy smart and bitter pains procure.  
Thy

76 *The Young Man deeply wounded.*

Thy state is bad, thou hast thy mortal wound,  
 No Limb, or any part of thee is sound.  
 If thou could'st live, and never more offend,  
 Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd.  
 If from all actual sin you should be clear,  
 Yet by the Law you still most guilty are  
 Of former Crimes, Treason and Felony,  
 And Justice doth aloud for Vengeance cry,  
 Nor will she Pardon nor Reprieve give forth  
 To any sinner living on the Earth :  
 Against thee too the Sentence is forth gone,  
 And th' day of Execution doth draw on :  
 Naught is between thee and eternal death,  
 But some short hours of uncertain breath.  
 Sin is so vile, and Justice so severe,  
 That in the least 'twould not *Christ Jesus* spare ;  
 But Justice he must fully satisfy,  
 Who came to be man's blest Security.  
 And since in Christ thou hast no share nor part,  
 See what a self-condemned Soul thou art.

*Youth.*

O cursed Sin ! is this my sad condition,  
*Truth* I believe hath made a right decision.  
 I have my Soul deceived all along,  
 Though in my heart Convictions oft were strong.  
 Oh ! horrid Lust, and base deceitful Devil,  
 Is this the fruit of your sweet pleasing evil ?  
 And thou false World, what art thou now to me ?  
 For I alas ! am ruined by thee.



O whither shall I fly? what path untrod,  
For to escape th<sup>e</sup> incensed wrath of God?  
Will none for me some secret place provide,  
Where I from flaming Vengeance close may hide?

*Truth.*

Vain is all this, for none can find a place  
To hide from God (such is thy bitter case)  
If to the ends of all the Earth you fly,  
Vengeance will you pursue with Hue and Cry:  
If you should take a sudden hasty flight,  
To seek some shelter in the shades of Night;  
'Twould also fail thee, though it should be done:  
For unto God Darkness and Light is one.  
Or, if thou couldst some solid Rock espy,  
To hide thee from Gods dreadful Majesty.  
Can Rocks, do'st think, prevent, yea, or restrain,  
The stroke of Justice, and not fly in twain?  
There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave,  
Which can from Vengeance shelter thee or save,  
The Sea would part, the hardest Rock will split:  
Where Justice aims, her fiery Darts must hit.  
Canst thou escape? alas! what place is there  
To hide from him who's present ev'ry where?

*Youth.*

Oh Truth! what shall I do, how can I stand,  
Or bear these tortures of God's heavy hand?  
My Spirit may infirmities sustain,  
But who can bear this inward cutting pain?

78 *The Young Man despaireth.*

Is there no help, no Salve to heal my Wound;  
 What no Physician for me to be found?  
 Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford;  
 Watchings, Fastings, nor hearing of the Word?  
 Or if that I could live and sin no more,  
 O what is sin, and what's my Gangrene Sore?  
 O what's the nature of iniquity,  
 If naught my soul can cleanse or purifie?  
 Rivers of Oyl, much Gold, or Earthly Wealth,  
 Will not redeem my Soul, nor purchase health:  
 Ah! I am lost! the cause is truly so,  
 I am undone, and know not what to do!  
 Have you no word of Comfort now for me?  
 Oh! must I die in this extremity?

*Truth.*

Do'st find thy self sick at the very heart?  
 And doth my searchings make thy Wounds to smart?  
 Doth sin, as sin, upon thy Spirit lie?  
 And doth its weight and burden make thee cry?  
 Do'st know thy wound is Epidemical?  
 And that for thee there is no help at all  
 By Law nor Levite? dost thou see thy loss,  
 And thy own Righteousness to be but dross?

*Youth.*

I know not what to say, I am in doubt  
 Some sin is hid, which yet I can't find out:  
 My heart is deep and very traiterous,  
 Every day I find it worse and worse.

I grieve for sin, and yet I am in dread  
 That I in sin am greatly hardned.  
 Yet this, O Truth, I hope is wrought in me,  
 Sin I do hate, as 'tis Iniquity.  
 I would not Christ offend nor grieve again,  
 Were there no Hell or place of future pain:  
 O that e're I against the Lord should sin,  
 Who has to me so good and gracious bin!  
 Against the Lord, against the Lord alone,  
 Have I this horrid evil often done.  
 Oh! I do see that I in sin am dead,  
 And my iniquity's gone o're my head  
 As a great burden which I cannot bear,  
 Oh! that I might but of a Saviour hear,  
 All my own Righteousness I prize no more  
 Than stinking refuse of a Common-shore.

## Truth:

Come Youth, cheer up, if this be so indeed,  
 I tell thee then Christ for thy Soul did bleed.  
 Glad tydings now I unto thee do bring,  
 There's Mercy for thee in the Heavenly King:  
 Christ to appease God's Wrath did hither come,  
 And I am sent by him to call thee home.  
 Rise up, rise up, his blood for to apply,  
 And thou shalt soon be healed perfectly.

## Youth.

Ah! could I but believe what thou dost say  
 Unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful day.

Alas! on me a mighty burden lies,  
 I cannot stir, nor power have to rise.  
 Can *Lazarus*, who in the grave doth lye,  
 Death's cruel Fetters and strong Bands unty?  
 Can he awake? what power has he to strive,  
 When dead, and stinks? alas! he can't revive,  
 Although dead but four days: then how shall I,  
 Who have lay'n dead in my iniquity  
 Ever since *Adam* (as it plain appears)  
 Which is indeed above five thousand years?  
*Jehovah* which at first my heart did make,  
 Must by his Pow'r it into pieces take;  
 That so he may create my heart a-new,  
 E're good from Christ doth to my Soul accrue,  
 'Tis he must give me pow'r to will and do,  
 And raise me up, e're I can creep or go.

*Truth.*

Though that be true, yet hearken unto me,  
 And take the Counsel which I'll give to thee  
 And thou shalt find, as sure as Gods above,  
 He will thy Fears and all thy Doubts remove,  
 And raise thee up out of the empty Pit,  
 And on a Rock also still set thy feet.  
 First thing of all which to you I commend,  
 Be sure you don't your Conscience more offend  
 Do not grieve that, but always take great care  
 In every thing to prove your self sincere.  
 He that in Morals walks not faithfully,  
 No marvel 'tis if Christ do pass him by.

In ev'ry Nation those accepted are,  
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear!  
Those who do follow on to know the Lord,  
He will to them his saving help afford.  
I do exhort you in the second place,  
For to attend upon all means of grace;  
Do not neglect to hear Gods blessed Word;  
But prize each season which the precious Lord  
Is pleas'd in Mercy on you to bestow,  
For unto you thereby much good will flow.  
My third advice make use of speedily,  
Lift up your voice unto the Lord on high!  
Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day,  
And you'll prevail, though he at first say nay.  
Though you at first may with repulses meet,  
Your Soul yet prostrate at *Jehovah's* feet.  
He's full of bowels, long he can't refrain  
E're he comes forth to ease you of your pain.  
Thy Prayers, and Tears, and spiritual contrition;  
Will move his heart to send thee a Physician,  
Who will apply a Plaister to thy wound,  
Which will hereafter ever make thee sound,  
Christ's blood will heal; 'twill cleanse and purifie;  
If now the same by Faith you do apply.  
Such grief is thine, no Medicine will do good,  
Nor heal thy Soul, but thy dear Saviour's blood.  
The good *Samaritan* will cast a look,  
Though thou of Priest and Levite art forsook?  
Into thy wounds he'll pour in Oyl and Wine,  
The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine.

O Cry to God, my sister *Grace* to send,  
 'Tis she at last will prove thy special Friend.  
 If God is pleased but to send her down,  
 Thy head with Glory she will straitway crown.  
 But here I'll advertise thee first of all,  
 Be sure you do for the right Sister call:  
 For there are two, and both of one Sir-name,  
 The one is lovely fair, the other lame,  
 The one is common, th' other chaste and pure,  
 And will be true to thee thou mayst be sure.  
 The one will dwell where sin predominates,  
 The other loaths, and bitterly it hates,  
 And makes a thorow-change where she doth  
 And will all filth out of that heart expel, (dwell  
 Where she doth take up her sure resting place;  
 Rare is the nature of true saving *Grace*  
 Thy stubborn will she'll make for to submit,  
 And thy affections change as she thinks fit.  
 Thy heart she can new mold, and make it soft,  
 And will bring down each high and sinful thought  
 The Old man she will into pieces tear,  
 She'll cut and kill, and nothing will she spare  
 That's opposite unto the Prince of Light,  
 She'll put the Devil unto a speedy flight;  
 She'll make him leave his strongest hold and run  
 And quite forsake his former Garrison.  
 She'll take no pity on the Old man's Age,  
 She'll pay him off for all his Wrath and Rage,  
 And cursed Malice, Pride and every sin,  
 Which of long time he has the Author bin.

'Tis she can work upon the Covetous,  
And change his heart to keep an open house;  
To give and to distribute of his store  
To th' cloathing and refreshing of the Poor.

'Tis she brings down the proud and lofty mind,  
Which nat' rally was to that vice inclin'd.

'Tis she can tame the wild strong-headed Youth,  
And make the Lyar always tell the truth.

'Tis she which makes the froward very meek,  
And the revengeful not revenge to seek.

'Tis she which quenches Young-mens lustful fire,  
And makes them to disdain that base desire.

'Tis she will make my Soul for to desire

Each *Dalilah* and all Hypocrisie.

She's like to Oyl and Wine, and will give peace  
And inward joy, which never more shall cease.

'Tis she must put Christ's blessed Robes on thee,  
And bring thy Soul out of Captivity.

'Tis she must thee adorn and beautifie,  
And make thee lovely in Christ Jesus Eye.

Oh! she'll inflame thy Soul with precious love  
To Christ alone, which none shall e're remove.

'Tis she which ties that conjugal blest knot,  
Which can't be broke, nor ever could be forgot.

'Tis she that makes Christ and the Saints but one,  
And makes them of his very flesh and bone.

'Tis she will help thee in this time of need,  
Yea, a Disciple will make thee indeed.

And this to thee also I must declare,  
Thou of this Grace shalt have a part and share.

*The Young Man's Prayer.*

Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did die ;  
 He can't thy Soul of saving Grace deny ;  
 Give him no rest, 'till more he doth give forth ,  
 For to compleat in thee the second Birth .  
 Be earnest with him , strive to hold him fast ,  
 And thou, like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last .  
 Though he at first may seem to stop his Ear ,  
 Yet importunity will make him hear .  
 Thy time I'm sure it is the time of love ,  
 And thy deep wounds will make him from above  
 To pity thee , and for to cast an eye ,  
 As thou polluted in thy blood dost lye ;  
 What e're is needful to thee, he will give ,  
 And raise thee up to life, and make thee live ?  
 Yea, manifest to thee such consolation ,  
 As for to cloath thee with his own salvation .  
 Come, make a tryal. and do not despair ,  
 Look up to Heaven, Soul, thy help is there .

*Youth.*

Thy Counsel I resolve to take with speed ,  
 If 'twas for me Christ on the cross did bleed ;  
 I will send up a sigh , a bitter groan ,  
 And earnestly implore his gracious Throne .

*Most Holy God, who dwellest in the light !*

*Ab ! What am I before thee, in thy sight ?*

*Wilt thou attend , or listen to my Cry ?*

*Thou know'st my grief, and where my pain doth lye ,*

*Canst thou not ease my deeply wounded Soul ,*

*Who in my blood am forc'd to lye and royl ?*



## *The Young Man's Prayer.*

85.

Is there no Balm in Gilead, is there none?  
Into dark silence then, Lord, I'll be gone.  
Where are thy Bowels, is thy Mercy fled?  
Lord, think upon the Blood Christ Jesus shed;  
If thou can't heal my Soul of all its grief,  
Then let me perish without all relief.  
Why were thy sides pierced? Lord Jesus, why?  
Didst suffer for thine own iniquity?  
There was no sin, I'm sure, nor guilt in thee  
That caus'd thy pains; didst thou not die for me?  
Didst thou not Justice fully satisfy,  
And pay thy Debt? Must I in Prison lye,  
When Restitution's made in th' highest degree?  
Oh! come and set my Soul at liberty,  
Knock off these bolts and chains, and bring me forth  
Out of this pit, deep Mire, and bands of Death.  
Lord, must I bleed? did I not bleed before  
In thy sad Wounds? can Justice challenge more?  
O! shall my heart strings break? my Soul with groan:  
I languish, Lord, whilst thou stand'st looking on.  
Lord, dost thou hear the Ravens when they cry?  
And wilt thou not my present wants supply?  
Wilt thou the door of Mercy ne'er unlock?  
Lord, open unto me, now I do knock.  
O Son of David, help; think on thy word,  
And unto me some Mercy, Lord, afford.

F 4

Jesus.

Jesus.

What voice is this? who is't that makes this cry?  
 What sinful Wretch is in extremity,  
 That thus implores for help, and follows me?  
 That takes no nay, although I silent be?

Youth.

Lord 'tis a poor dejected piece of Earth,  
 That is undone, and sighs for a new birth.

Jesus.

Was I not sent unto Jacob's race?  
 How com'st thou then to have so bold a face  
 To importune me, when ye know full well  
 You are not of the stock of Israel?  
 Come you not of the cursed Gentile seed?  
 Be gone from me, and further don't proceed.

Youth.

'Ah! help, dear Lord, and some compassion show,  
 For to whom else, or whither can I go?

Jesus.

Is't meet that I should give to Dogs that Bread,  
 With which the Children should be nourished?

Youth.

True, Lord, that I do grant, and ever shall,  
 Yet may the Dogs eat up those Crums which fall  
 From

From their own Master's Table: though a whelp,  
Lord, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

*Jesus.*

*What ailest thou, poor Soul, what's thy condition  
Which makes thee shed these tears of sad contrition?*

*Youth.*

My grief, my pain, and great extremity,  
Lord, thou dost know, and all my wants dost see.  
Ah! I have sinn'd, and am so vile and base,  
I hate my self, and loath my present case.  
I am a lump of filth, wholly unclean,  
A viler Creature there has never been.  
I languish, Lord, my wounds they are not small,  
And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.

*Jesus.*

Come, cease thy grief, what is't thou dost desire?  
My Soul doth melt, my heart is set on fire,  
My bowels yern, I longer can't refrain  
From tears, as well as thee I am in pain:  
Thy wounds afflict me, and thy bitter cry  
Doth pierce my heart, I know thy misery.  
What is it, Soul? speak forth thy mind to me;  
What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee?  
Come, open thy heart to me, for I am nigh  
Thy suit to grant, thy wants for to supply.

*Youth.*

## Youth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleasures here ;  
 Nor Honours , which by men so prized are ,  
 Nor length of days, Lord, do I seek or crave ,  
 'Tis something else my Soul doth long to have .  
 The Earth's blast, and all the World's a bubble :  
 There's nothing in't can ease me of my trouble.  
 Such is my state, nought but thy hand can save ,  
 'Tis thou must raise dead *Laz'rus* from the grave.  
 Knock off these bolts, and set thy Prisoner free ,  
 And give thy grace (Lord Jesus) unto me.  
 My fainting Spirit comfort and refresh ,  
 O spare my Soul, but crucifie the flesh ;  
 Compleat thy Work (Lord Jesus) on my heart ,  
 And thy own Righteousness to me impart.  
 There's nought, I see, will do me any good ,  
 Save the dear Merit of thy precious Blood.  
 My bleeding Soul will faint away and die ,  
 If thou dost not thy Blood with speed apply.  
 How has my panting breast sent many Groan ,  
 With bitter tears, up to thy gracious Throne ,  
 For one sweet look and aspect of thine Eye ?  
 'There's nothing else which will me satisfie :  
 Oh ! manifest thy Love unto my Soul ,  
 For that will cure me, and soon make me whole,  
 My gasping Soul's dissolved into tears , (fears :  
 Whiles pleas'd with hopes, and yet possess'd with  
 My great request, alas ! is only this ,  
 Come seal thy Love to me with a sweet kiss :

For nought is there in Earth, nor Heaven above,  
Which I esteem or value like thy Love.  
A Promise grant, some word to lie upon,  
Before my life and little hopes are gone.  
My Soul's afraid, and trembles thou dost see;  
Because I know how I unworthy be:  
Ah! I have made thee bleed, I am so vile;  
Thy frowns I do deserve but not one smile.  
How did I grieve and put thy Soul to pain!  
The thoughts of it doth cut my heart in twain;  
Thy Messengers, how did my Soul refuse!  
And my poor Conscience wickedly abuse,  
Who did receive Commission from above,  
Either to clear, or sharply to reprove!  
I unto *Truth* oft-times turn'd a deaf ear,  
And unto *Satan* rather did adhere.  
Sighted thee, and sin I did embrace,  
Which shames me greatly to look in thy face.  
If thou shouldst pardon such a one as I,  
And save my Soul to all Eternity,  
And me embrace in a contract of love,  
And all thy wrath for ever quite remove:  
It would be Grace and Love beyond degree,  
And such which never can expressed be.  
O, wilt thou speak again! dear Saviour do,  
A Promise, Lord, or I'll not let thee go.

Jesus.

What saith hast thou, poor soul, canst thou believe;  
And steadfastly my benefits receive?

Do

*Do'st think that I have power and a beare  
To save, to help, and free thee from thy smart?*

*Youth.*

My Faith, alas! is weak, O send relief!  
Lord, I believe, O help my unbelief!  
That precious Voice which I did lately hear,  
Will soon remove my doubts and all my fear.  
If Love as well as pity thou dost show,  
'Twill give me joy, and take away my woe.  
But thou may'st, Lord, my Soul commiserate,  
And yet may I be in a dying state.  
Over *Jerusalem* thou didst lament,  
Who had no saving Grace for to repent.  
Is there in thee such bowels of compassion,  
As to bestow thy Self and thy Salvation  
On such a Worm as I, whose wounded breast  
Is heavy loaded, and would fain have rest?  
O help, dear Lord, my fainting Soul will die,  
Without an answer from thee speedily.

*Jesus.*

Look up to me, and see my Love descending.  
'Tis from Eternity, and has no ending.  
Canst thou have more, dear Soul? thou hast my heart  
What e'er is mine, to thee I will impart.  
Thy scarlet sins are washed quite away,  
Not one of them unto thy charge I'll lay.  
Pull up thy drooping heart, be of good cheer,  
Thy sins, though ne're so great, forgiven are.

# Christ's Bowels

91

I am to save to th' uttermost  
 All those who do in me put all their trust.  
 Those which do come to me, I in no wise  
 Will cast them out, therefore lift up thine eyes:  
 Behold my hands and feet, and do not doubt,  
 For I have wash'd and cleans'd thy Soul throughout.  
 Thy debts I've paid, and quitted the old score;  
 Thy former faults I'll ne'r remember more.  
 Enter thy Royal Fort, thou hast obtain'd  
 Th' fountain of pleasure, holy love unstain'd:  
 Take up thy Lodging in Eternal Love,  
 What's here below? thy treasure is above.  
 Cheer up, poor heart, I tell thee thou art mine,  
 My blood was shed to save that Soul of thine:  
 With endless joys thy Soul I'll satisfie,  
 And in my bosom ever shalt thou lie.  
 In my enfolded Arms I now thee take,  
 And do engage I'll never thee forsake;  
 In th' fire and in the water I'll be neer,  
 And help thee through all grief and troubles here;  
 Yea, I'll be with thee always to the end,  
 And Death at last I'll cause to be thy Friend;  
 And make its passage also unto thee  
 Only an entrance to felicity.  
 Rivers of Pleasures thou shalt have to th' brim;  
 Wherein the Prophets and Apostles swim,  
 And with great Glory thou shalt crowned be,  
 And on the Throne sit down also with me.  
 World, Death, nor Devil ever shall remove  
 My heart from thee, for those I truly love,

I love

*I love to th'end : Ah ! Soul, 'tis thou shalt lie  
In my own Arms to all Eternity.*

*Youth.*

Darkness is gone, day-light begins to spring,  
Heavens melody I find the sweetest thing.  
The Sun is risen now ; it is broke forth,  
And gloriously enlightens my dark earth.  
My Soul is ravish'd with this joyful sight,  
Yea, and dissolv'd with Love and true delight.  
My heart is melted with Cœlestial fire,  
And has obtain'd at length it's own desire,  
My frozen Soul must needs run down again,  
Which such hot beams from *Jesus* doth obtain :  
The door is open'd, Christ has giv'n a knock  
Has made it fly, and has dissolv'd the rock.  
My heart which was so hard is made to yield,  
Christ has o're come me now and won the field.  
The war is ceas'd between the Lord and I.  
A Peace is made to all Eternity.  
What joy is this ! Ah , 'tis beyond all measure :  
There's nothing like to inward joy and pleasure.  
As was my burden, so I find my rest,  
O that was great ! and this can't be exprest.  
What heart can taste of these transcendent joys  
And not account Earth's pleasures empty toys  
Such is the nature of a second birth ;  
Makes Heav'n on Earth, turns sorrow into mirth  
Once was I blind, senseless, bewitch'd ; nay more  
I thought in Christ no comfort could be had :

Relig



Religion was, I thought a foolish thing ;  
Which could no pleasure nor no profit bring.  
I thought professors greatly were misled,  
When I beheld what things they suffered :  
But I am now convinc'd of my mistake ,  
For I my self could, for Christ Jesus sake ,  
Any derision or Affliction bear ;  
Such inward peace in him, and joys is there.  
*What man would not all earthly glory slight ,  
For one small dram, or taste of such delight ?*  
To have Christ's Love , and in his bosom lie ,  
Yields true content, and sweet felicity.  
Ah happy I, I live ! my Soul's involv'd ,  
In secret raptures , sighs to be dissolv'd ,  
And be with Christ my home and resting place ,  
For to enjoy and see him face to face.  
And in the int'rim , Lord, whilst here I stay ,  
I faithfully will do what thou dost say.  
And help me Lord, thy praise for to declare  
Unto all precious Children far and near.  
O help me to lift up my voice on high !  
Let joyful *Hallelujahs* pierce the sky.  
And eccho back again, resound on earth.  
Since thou hast wrought in me the second birth :  
Let me with the Cœlestial Angels sing ,  
And make thy Praises round the World to ring !  
Thou'st brought my Soul out of the lowest Pit ,  
And in the paths of *Sion* set my feet !  
Thou hast from Darkness brought me into Light ;  
And to mine eyes thou hast restored sight !

Nay

Nay, hast my Soul fav'd from Eternal death,  
 And shall not I thy praises, Lord, sing forth?  
 O let my tongue, my heart, and life make known  
 The favour, Lord, which to me thou hast shown!  
 Let me aloft, by thy best Grace, aspire  
 To sound thy praise with the Cœlestial Quire.  
 With swift wing'd *Cherubims*, Lord, let me joyn,  
 To magnifie that glorious Name of thine.  
 Let not remainders of the flesh disturb  
 My precious peace that's new: O do thou curb  
 Yea, kill and crucifie each evil thought,  
 With vengeance let those Rebels down be brought,  
 And let me on the Earth live all my days  
 Unto thy Glory and transcendent praise.  
 And then, great God, when these short days are  
 With *Seraphims* I'll sing for ever more.

### Truth.

*What Melody and Triumph do I hear?  
 Whose voice is this that soundeth in mine ear?  
 What Eagle-ey'd Son's this that soars on high,  
 That with sweet wings aloft doth mount and fly;  
 And in Eternal love seems to lie down,  
 Adorn'd with Grace, and ravish'd with the Crown  
 Of inward Peace? that taketh up its rest  
 At Jesus Christ's sweet satisfying breast,  
 And breaking forth in raptures, can't express,  
 As he would do, his humble thankfulness?*

*Yours*

## Youth.

'Tis I, blest *Truth*, the Conquest now is won;  
*Grace* has prevail'd, I am the Conquer'd one:  
 My Grief is turn'd to joy, yea and my night  
 Is also chang'd into Eternal Light.  
 Thy power's great when *Grace* doth work with  
 Yea soon do thou obtain the Victory. (thee,  
 Blest be the day that ever thou wert sent,  
 To change my heart, and move me to repent:  
 Dear love to thee, O *Truth*, I shall retain  
 So long as I upon the Earth remain.  
 I'll keep thee close, and hide thee in my heart,  
 For thou more precious than rich jewels art.  
 I'll loose my All before I'll part with thee,  
 So much I love and prize thy company,  
 Though Satan stir up foes never so cruel,  
 Devils nor Men shall rob me of my Jewel.  
 I am resolv'd a thousand deaths to dye,  
 Before I will Gods blessed truth deny.  
 Though of Deceivers there's a multitude,  
 Yet none of them shall my poor Soul delude.  
 Though they do thee reproach, slight and con-  
 I by Experience can refute all them, Yea,  
 Who say thy words nought but dead letters are,  
 Which men may burn, or into pieces tare:  
 The out-side of the Book they only see,  
 Who thus do speak reproachfully of thee:  
 For did they but thy inward power know,  
 They'd never speak, as oftentimes they do:

G

But

But soon they would God's written word extol,  
 Above that Light which they cry up in all,  
 The Light which Conscience unto me doth give,  
 I'll always own as long as I do live,  
 But from God's word doth its chief light descend,  
 Therefore the Holy Scriptures I'll commend:  
 For had we not God's Word to light our hearts,  
 The Heathens which do live in Foreign parts,  
 Who never heard of Christ, might understand  
 As much as any do in this our Land:  
 Alas! we should have been unto this day,  
 In all respects as ignorant as they.  
 But I'll forbear, because I must with speed  
 Attend upon God's Truth with care and heed,  
 To hear what will he say; O Truth wilt thou  
 Concerning me shew forth thy Judgments now  
 I do intreat thee prove me thoroughly,  
 For still I do retain a jealousie  
 Over my heart, because that I have seen  
 How I deceived oftentimes have been.

*Truth.*

Conscience, to thee I must once more descend  
 The Controversie thou alone must end:  
 How is it with him now? what dost thou say?  
 Hast any thing unto his Charge to lay?  
 Remember what I formerly have shown,  
 And let thy present thoughts with speed be

*Conscience.*

I always ready am Judgment to give,  
According to the Light I do receive,  
And never was more free than now am I  
My thoughts to shew; your suit I can't deny.  
O Sir! the case is chang'd; I am his Friend,  
His sweet Condition I must needs commend.  
Grace has subdu'd corruption in his heart,  
That he's made clean, and wash'd in every part;  
My testimony you may take for truth,  
He's now become a very humble Youth;  
He's truly Godly, Faithful, and Sincere;  
I do for him, and shall my witness bear:  
All kind of Evil doth his Soul desie,  
He hates above all things Hypocrisy:  
Will and Affections now are changed quite,  
That in the Lord alone is his delight.  
There's no Command of Christs, nor any one  
That he's convinced of, but he has done:  
He faithfully also the Lord obeys,  
Without excuses, put-offs, or delays,  
He grieveth most for sins that secret are,  
Which unto men do not i'th' least appear.  
He's more in substance than he is in show,  
When high'st in joy, his heart is very low.  
All his own Righteousness he doth disown,  
And does rely on Jesus Christ alone.  
Christ is become so precious in his sight,  
He's first with him i'th' morn, and last at night.

He willingly has taken up the Cross,  
 And doth account what e're is his but dross;  
 And parts with it most freely, Christ to gain,  
 Since he hath found Earth's best enjoyments vain.  
 Christ he exalts as King i'th' highest degree,  
 And gives each Office its full dignitie.  
 He uses me also most tenderly,  
 Because he knows that my Authority  
 Is from above, it is for Jesus sake  
 He sides with me, and doth resolve to take,  
 My part always, what e're he doth sustain,  
 He'l rather suffer than would make me pain.  
 Christ has in me set up his blessed Throne,  
 And over me no other King he'l own:  
 Christ must alone in me the Scepter sway,  
 And he will die before he'l give away  
 Christ's Right and Sovereignty in his dear Soul.  
 He is resolv'd to suffer no controul,  
 In things alone which to me appertain,  
 Fear lest thereby Christ's Glory he should stain.

*Truth.*

Oh! happy young man! blessed from above,  
 Blessed with Grace, and ravished with the love  
 Of thy Eternal Lord, in whose sweet breast  
 Thou dost live, and evermore shalt rest.  
 Thy Honor's lasting, now it can't decay.  
 Thy treasure's sure, thieves cannot steal't away.  
 Thy Pleasures are beyond thought or conceit,  
 And thy rare beauty is without deceit.

*The Young-man tempted by Satan.* 109

Thy strength, thy Wisdom, nor thy Youth shall  
Nor canst thou die, thou art immortal made (sade  
Eternal Life is given unto thee,  
And thou shalt reign to all Eternitie.

*Vicinus,*

There's none on Earth is able to express,  
The inward peace this Young-man doth possess;  
Whilst to his joy he clearly doth espy,  
This blessed Concord, and rare Harmony:  
*Conscience* and *Truth* most sweetly do agree,  
He's free'd from Bondage and Captivitie.  
Christ's Spirit doth with *Conscience* witness bear,  
He's born of God, and is become an Heir  
(With his dear Saviour) of Eternal bliss:  
What Consolation can there be like this?  
But whilst thus fill'd with joy and true delight,  
The Devil falls on him with all his might;  
With strong assaults, his Faith for to destroy,  
Which much abates, and mitigates his joy:  
But Satan failing in his Enterprize  
In one respect, another way he tries;  
And with malicious threats he breaketh forth,  
Spitting his venome and his hellish wrath:  
Which in some measure may to you appear,  
By what immediatly doth follow here.

*Devil.*

Heark, heark, thou cursed wretch, vengeance is mine,  
And I'll repay't upon that soul of thine;

In dreadfull wrath I will contend with thee,  
 If thou wilt not again submit to me,  
 Wilt not my shining Glory thee invite,  
 Nor all my Agents sell thy Soul affright  
 To leave those cursed ways in which you go?  
 Then I'll some way contrive your overthrow.  
 Though out of your Dominions I am beat,  
 And forced am at present to retreat;  
 Yet I'll return like to a Lyon strong,  
 And break thy bones in peices ere's be long.

### Youth.

Father of Lyes, do'st think I dread thy frown?  
 'Tis past thy skill to throw my Glory down;  
 Thy head is broke, thou art a beaten Foe,  
 And chained up; alas! thou canst not do  
 According to thy wrath and cursed spight,  
 Christ's Power is mine, who stronger is in Might.  
 Me he'll not leave, though tempted am by thee,  
 Yet he knows how to help and succour me.  
 What matter is't although thou art enraged,  
 When the great Pow'r of Heaven is engaged  
 To side with me always, and takes my part?  
 Though thou a Lion and a Serpent art,  
 Yet may'st as soon the Lord of Life o'recome,  
 As to produce or work my final Doom,  
 So long as I do for his Glory stand,  
 And am obedient to his best Command,

Devil



Devil.

But I have so much craft and subtiety,  
That I can make the Lord thine Enemy:  
Though thou dost think he is become thy Friend,  
Ple by temptation move thee to offend  
Him ere't be long; and soon you will espy  
In's anger you he'll cast off utterly:  
And then I'll tear and rend you as I list,  
And you shall have no power to resist.

Your.

God has bestow'd on me his precious Grace;  
That I abhor the thoughts of giving place  
To thee, O Satan, though thou dost intice;  
God will preserve my Soul from deadly vice:  
But if through weakness him I should offend,  
In bowels he'll to me his pardon send.  
Christ is my Advocate; God will pass by  
All sins of Weakness and Infirmary.  
Although he use the Rod, his precious Love  
I'm sure from me he never will remove.

Devil.

Your hopes will fail, alas! black clouds will bide  
Your glorious Sun, your steps will quickly slide:  
Your Morning's bright; but soon 'twill over cast,  
And all your joy will scarce a moment last.  
Though Truth doth now thy present state commend,  
Yet you will find the Proverb true i'th' end,

That the young Saint will an old Devil be :  
*You'l die and perish in Apostasie.*

*Youth.*

Cause thou hast lost thy former happy state,  
 With malice thou stir'st up thy bitter hate  
 Against my Soul, thou shew'st thy wicked spight,  
 But thy vile teeth are broke, thou canst not bite.  
 Thou dost on me cast forth an envious frown,  
 Because thou hast for ever lost thy Crown.  
 Because thy Morning's turned into night,  
 Dost think thou shalt my Soul amaze and fright  
 With such insnared thoughts ? I thee desie ;  
 Nothing can break that blessed Band and Tie,  
 Of Covenant which Christ with me has made,  
 My standings firm, my Crown can never fade.  
 He that has in my Soul this work begun,  
 Will finish it I'me sure e're he has done.  
 There's ne're a Lamb or Sheep of his dear fold,  
 But he will keep, he has of them such hold,  
 That in the midst of danger they shall stand ;  
 And none shall pluck them out of his strong hand,  
 They by his Pow'r are kept in ev'ry Nation,  
 Till they are safely brought unto Salvation.  
 Upon the Rock of Ages I am placed,  
 And my foundation never can be razed ;  
 Though Mountains should depart, & Hills remove  
 Yet Christ will never change in his dear Love.  
 Nor cause his Covenant of his lasting peace  
 To be remov'd, nor his sweet Mercy cease,

The

*The Young mans Thanksgiving.* 113

The Truth and Conscience both joyntly agree,  
That the new-birth is truly wrought in me.  
Th'Immortal seed I'm sure must needs bring forth  
A Babe Immortal; and my Heav'nly birth  
Doth shew to all, and clearly signifie,  
I cannot perish in Apostacy.

The Head and Members of one Nature are,  
Or else Christ's Body a strange Monster were.  
As sure as he's in Heaven, so shall I,  
And reign with him to all Eternity,

*Devil.*

My words I see no place at all can find:  
Within the Centre of thy evil mind:  
Ple leave thee therefore with my dreadful Curse;  
Which is as bad as Hell, nay it is worse  
Than all the Plagues of the infernal Lake;  
And let all those who love me, vengeance take  
Upon so vile a Wretch: and though I do  
Forsake thee now, within a day or two  
Ple come again, and will thy Soul torment,  
Till thou of thy Repentance shalt repent.

*Youth.*

O Lord, I praise thee for that glorious Pow'r,  
Which helpt my Soul in such a needful hour  
Of strong assaults from the vile wicked one;  
Thou help'st me to resist him, and he's gone.  
Therefore, dear God, be pleased to inflame  
My heart with Grace to magnifie thy Name:

And

114 *Truth and Grace support Fouth.*

And when he comes again, O then be near,  
And let thy Truth also for me appear:  
Though I am young and weak, I shall thereby  
Not fear th' assaults of any Enemy.  
Come, speak O Truth, wilt be on my side  
'Tis in thy strength still I very much confide.  
Though I am feeble, thou art mighty strong;  
And whilst for me, there's none can do me wrong.

*Truth.*

I will, dear Soul, support thee whilst on Earth  
And save thee from the rage of Hell and Death  
I will assist thee by a mighty Arm,  
And keep thee day and night from hurt and harm  
And with my glitt'ring Sword cut down and slay  
All cursed Enemies who thee gain-say.

*Grace.*

If *Truth* should fail, I will thy wants supply,  
Thou need'st not doubt of my sufficiency,  
Light I will be in Darkness, Joy in Grief,  
And when in trouble great, I'll bring relief.  
If always thou dost on my Arm rely,  
The Devil will be forc'd with speed to fly.  
Never on me did any Soul depend,  
But they obtain'd Deliv'rance in the end.  
I'll help thy Soul through all its Christian strife,  
And bring thee safe to Everlasting Life.

Conscience.

I'll be the *third* that will lend thee an hand ;  
 We'll all combine to make a triple band.  
 A threefold Cord can't eas'ly broken be ,  
 I'll be a Friend in thine Adversitie.  
 There's not a Foe on Earth thou need'st to fear,  
 So long as I for thee my witness bear.  
 That thou in Truth dost walk before the Lord,  
 And that thy ways do with his Word accord ,  
 The evil Foe shall be ashamed quite ;  
 Whilst faithfully thou walk'st up to thy Light ;  
 And Satan never can get any ground ,  
 Whilst I declare thy heart is truly sound.  
 Clear up, poor Soul, I'll feast thee constantly,  
 And plead for thee before the Enemy now ;  
 My sweetest wine also I'll keep to this end ,  
 At death I will thy Soul with that befrend.  
 God's Word that is thy ground in every thing,  
 His Glory is thy aim, from thence doth spring.  
 All service thou dost do towards the Lord,  
 His Spirit therefore to thee he'll afford,  
 Than doth bear witness for thee, so do I,  
 And will also when thou do'st come to die.

---

*The Young man Experiencing Conversion truly  
 wrought in his Soul, and that he's delivered  
 from the Power of the tempter, breaks forth  
 into these following Hymns of Prayer and Prais-  
 es to God.*

*A Mystical*



*A Mystical Hymn of Thanksgiving.*

**M**Y Soul mounts up with Eagles wings,  
And unto thee, dear God, she sings;

Since thou art on my side  
My enemies are forc'd to fly,  
As soon as they do thee espy;

*Thy name be glorify'd.*

Thou makest Rich by making Poor :  
By Poverty add'st to my Store ;

Such Grace dost thou provide  
Thou wound'st as well as thou mak'st whole.  
And heal'st by wounding of the Soul ;

*Thy name be glorify'd.*

Thou mak'st men blind by giving sight ;  
And turn'st their darkness into light :

These things can't be deny'd.

Thou cloath'st the Soul by making bare ;  
And give'st food when none is there ;

*Thy Name be glorify'd.*

Thou killest by making alive ,  
By dying dost the Soul revive ,

Which none can do besides ;

Thou dost raise up by pulling down ;  
And by abasing , thou dost Crown ,

*Thy Name be glorify'd.*

By making bitter thou mak'st sweet,  
And mak'st each crooked thing to meet;  
T' th' Soul which thou hast try'd:  
The fruitless tree thou mak'st to grow,  
And the green tree dost overthrow;

*Thy name be glorify'd.*

The conquered the conquest gains;  
By being beat, the field obtains,  
Which makes me therefore cry,  
Lord while I live upon the Earth,  
Since thou hast wrought the second birth

*Thy name I'll magnifie.*

Thou mak'st men wise, by coming fools,  
By emptying thou fill'st their Souls,  
Such Grace dost thou provide:  
By making weary thou giv'st Rest;  
That which seem'd worst, proves for the best;

*Thy name be glorify'd,*

Thou art far off, and also neer,  
And not confin'd, but ev'ry where,  
And on the clouds dost ride.  
O thou art Love, and also Light;  
There's none can go out of thy sight;

*Thy name be magnify'd.*

Lord, thou art great and also good;  
And sit'st upon thy mighty flood,  
By whom all hearts are try'd:  
Though thou art Three, yet art but One;  
And comprehended art of none;

*Thy name be glorify'd.*

The

*The Excellency of Peace of Conscience.*

**M**Y *Conscience* is become my Friend,  
And chearfully doth speak to me,  
And I will to his motions bend,  
Although that I reproached be:  
I matter not who doth revile,  
Since *Conscience* in my face doth smile.  
My *Conscience* now doth give me rest,  
My burden's gone, my Soul is free;  
Again I would not be oppress'd  
In the old bands of misery.  
For Kingdoms, nor for Crowns of Gold,  
Nor any thing which can be told.  
My *Conscience* doth with precious food,  
Feed my poor Soul continually;  
Its dainties also are so good,  
All sinful sweets do I defy:  
This Banquet's lasting, 'twill supply  
My wants, and feast me till I die.  
My *Conscience* doth me chearful make,  
When I am much possess'd with grief;  
And when I suffer for its sake,  
'Twill yield me joy and sweet relief:  
Though troubles rise, and much increase,  
I in my *Conscience* shall have peace.  
When others to the Mountains fly,  
And sore amaz'd do trembling stand:



A place of shelter then have I,  
And *Conscience* will lend me its hand  
To lock me in the Chambers fast,  
Till th' Indignation's over-past.  
At Death, and in the Judgment Day  
What would men give for such a Friend?  
All those which do him disobey,  
They'll it repent I'm sure i' th' end;  
When such are forc'd to howl and cry,  
My Soul shall sing continually.

---

*An Hymn on the Six Principles of Christ's  
Doctrine. Heb. 6. 1, 2.*

**R**epentance is wrought in my Soul,  
And faith for to believe;  
Whereby on Jesus I do roul,  
And truly him receive  
As my dread Lord and Sovereign,  
Him always to obey;  
And in things o're me to reign,  
And govern night and day.  
Christ's Baptisme it is very sweet,  
With Laying on of Hands:  
My Soul is brought to Jesus feet  
In owning his Commands.  
Those Ordinances men oppose;  
And count as carnal things;  
I have

I have clos'd with, and tell't to those ;  
From them rare comforts spring.

My precious Lord I must obey ,  
Though men reproach me still ;  
I'll do what ever Christ doth say ,  
And yield unto his will.

• On Christ alone I dorely ,  
Though men judge otherwise ;  
Because I can't Gods Truth deny ,  
I am reproach'd with lyes.

Let them deride , yet for Christ's sake  
Resolved now am I ,  
In his own strength the Cross to take ,  
Yea, and for him to dye ,

Before I'll ever turn my back  
On him whom I do love ;  
For I do know I shall not lack  
His presence from above.

For he has promis'd to the end ,  
To me he will be near ;  
And be to me a faithful Friend ,  
Which makes me not to fear ,

Whatever Men or Devils do  
In secret place design ;  
He soon can them quite overthrow ,  
And help this Soul of mine.

The Resurrection of the Dead  
I constantly maintain ;

When all those which lye buried,  
Shall rise up to life again,  
And that the Judgment day will come,  
When Christ upon the Throne  
Shall pass a black Eternal Doom,  
Upon each Wicked one.  
But all the Saints then joyfully  
With Bowels he'll embrace,  
And Crowns to all Eternity  
Upon their Heads he'll place;  
And in the Kingdom shall they Reign,  
Prepared long before,  
And also shall with Christ remain,  
In blifs for evermore.

---

*A Spiritual Hymn.*

**T**He Sun doth now begin to shine,  
And breaketh forth yet more and more;  
Meer darkness was that Light of mine,  
Which I commended heretofore,  
I was involved in my sin;  
Had day without but night within.  
My former days I did compare,  
Unto the sweet and lovely Spring,  
I thought that time it was as rare,  
As when the chirping Birds do sing;  
But I was blind, I now do see  
There was no Spring nor Light in me,

H

My

My Spring it was the Winter-time ,  
Yet, like the midst of cold *December* ;  
The Sun was gone out of my Clime ,  
And also I do now remember  
My heart was cold as any stone ,  
My leaves were off , and sap was gone.  
God is a Sun, a Shield also ;  
The glory of the World is He ;  
True Light alone from him doth flow ,  
And he has now enlightned me :  
The Sun doth his sweet beams display ,  
Like to the dawning of the day.  
How precious is't to see the Sun ,  
When in the morning it doth rise ,  
And shineth in our Horizon ,  
To th' clearing of the cloudy Skies !  
The misty Fogs by his strong Light  
Are vanish'd quite out of our sight.  
Thus doth the Lord in my poor heart ,  
By his strong beams and glorious rays ,  
The light from darkness clearly part ,  
And makes in me rare shining days.  
Though Fogs appear and Clouds do rise ,  
He doth expel them from mine eyes.  
Were there no glorious Lamp above ,  
What dark confusion would be here !  
If God should quite the Sun remove ,  
How would the Seamen do to steer !  
My Soul's the World , and Christ's the Sun  
If he shines not I am undone.

In Winter things hang down their head,  
Until sol's beams do them revive;  
So I in sin lay buried,  
Till Jesus Christ made me alive:  
Alas my heart was Ice and Snow,  
Till Sun did shine, and Winds did blow.  
Until warm Gales of Heav'nly Wind  
Did sweetly blow, and Sun did dart  
Its Light on me, I could not find  
No heat within my inward part;  
Then blow thou Wind, and shine thou Sun,  
To make my Soul a lively one.  
In nat'ral men there is a light,  
Which for their sins doth them reprove;  
And yet are they but in the night,  
And not renewed from above:  
The Moon is given (it is clear)  
To guide men who in darkness are,  
The Sun for brightness doth exceed  
The Stars of Heaven, or the Moon;  
Of them there is but little need,  
When Sun doth shine towards high noon.  
Just so the Gospel doth excel  
The Law God gave to *Israel*,  
All those who do the Gospel slight,  
And rateer have a Legal guide;  
The Sun's not risen in their light,  
And therefore 'tis that they deride  
Those who commend the Gospel-Sun  
Above the Light in ev'ry one

Degrees of Light I do perceive  
 Some of them weak, and others strong ;  
 That which is saving none receive  
 But those who unto Christ belong :  
 Yet doth each Light serve for the end,  
 For which to man God did it send.

## Divine Breathings.

### *A Hymn.*

**L**et not the Sun Eclipsed be ,  
 Nor any dark Cloud interpose  
 Between thy self (dear Christ) and me,  
 Who art that blessed *Sharon's* Rose :  
 O let thy Face upon me shine ,  
 Since thou by choice hast made me thine :  
 Always let me walk in the Light  
 Till Grace doth me with Glory Crown ,  
 Turn not thy mourning into Night,  
 Nor ever let my Sun go down :  
 O let thy Face upon me shine ,  
 Since by dear purchase I am thine.  
 Let not thick Fogs, O Lord, arise  
 From the gross Lump of inward Earth,  
 To th' hiding of the glorious Skies ,  
 The thoughts of that's as bad as Death :  
 O let thy Face upon me shine ,  
 Since by Adoption I am thine.

Lord

Lord 'let my morning be more bright,  
And my Sun-shine to th' perfect day.  
And let mine Eyes have stronger sight,  
That I behold its Glory may.  
O let thy Face upon me shine;  
Since God by Gift has made me thine;  
Lord shine and make my heart more sof,  
And temper it, the Seal to take;  
Make it according as it ought,  
Lord do it for thy own Names sake.  
O let thy Face upon me shine,  
Since by sweet Contract I am thine.  
The Light of thy dear Countenance,  
It is the thing I only prize;  
Let not therefore mine ignorance  
Darken the Light of my dim Eyes,  
O let thy Face upon me shine,  
Since I by Faith am wholly thine.  
O be my strength, my Light, my Guide,  
Always until I come to dye;  
And from thy paths ne're let me slide,  
But Light me to Eternity  
O let thy face upon me shine,  
For I my self to thee resign.  
There's many Lord, who daily cry,  
*Oh ! whom will shew us any good?*  
'Tis in thy self, Lord it doth lye,  
Although by few 'tis understood:  
O let thy Face upon me shine,  
For I by Conquest now am thine.

126 *Hymns and Spiritual Songs.*

Lord in the Light I thee enjoy ,  
 And with thy Saints Communion have ,  
 No Devil can that Soul destroy ,  
 Whom thou intendest for to save :  
 O let thy Face upon me shine ,  
 For I can't say, Lord, thou art mine.  
 Let not the Sun only appear ,  
 For to enlighten my dark heart ,  
 But to poor Souls both far and near ,  
 The self-same Glory, Lord, impart :  
 O let thy Face upon them shine  
 As it doth now , dear God, on mine.  
 Let Light and Glory so break forth ,  
 And darkness fly and quite be gone ,  
 That all thy Saints upon the Earth  
 May in the truth be joyn'd in one :  
 O let thy Face so brightly shine ,  
 As do discover who are thine.  
 Let Grace and Knowledge now abound ,  
 And the blest Gospel shine so clear ,  
 That it *Romes* Harlot may confound ,  
 And Popish darkness quite cast their :  
 O let thy Face on *Sion* shine ,  
 But plague those cursed Foes of thine.  
 Let *France*, dark *Spain*, and *Italy*,  
 Thy Light and Glory, Lord, behold :  
 To each adjacent Countrey  
 Do thou the Gospel plain unfold :  
 O let thy Face upon them shine,  
 That all these Nations may be thine.



Let *Christendom* new Christ'ned be,  
And unto thee O let them turn,  
And be Baptiz'd, O Christ, by thee  
With th' Spirit of thy Holy One:  
O let thy Face upon it shine,  
That *Christendom* may all be thine,  
And carry on thy glorious Work  
Victoriously in every Land,  
Let *Tartars* and the mighty *Turk*  
Subject themselves to thy Command:  
O let thy Face upon them shine,  
That those blind People may be thine.  
And let thy brightness also go,  
To *Asia* and to *Africa*,  
Let *Egypt* and *Affyria* too  
Submit unto thy blessed Law:  
O let thy Face upon them shine,  
That those dark Regions may be thine.  
Nay, precious God, let Light extend  
To *China* and *East-India*;  
To thee let all the People bend,  
Who live in wild *America*:  
O let thy blessed Gospel shine,  
That the blind Heathens may be thine.  
Send forth thy Light like to the Morn  
Most swiftly, Lord, O let it fly  
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*:  
That all dark Nations may espy  
Thy glorious face on them to shine,  
And they in Christ for to be thine.

128. *Hymns and Spiritual Songs.*

The fulness of the *Gentiles*, Lord,  
 Bring in with speed, O let them fear  
 Thy name in Truth, with one accord.  
 Live they far off, or live they near,  
 O let thy Face upon them shine:  
 And let us know, Lord, who are thine:  
 And let also the Glorious news  
 Of thy Salvation, yield relief  
 Unto the sad distressed *Jews*,  
 Who hardened are in unbelief:  
 O let thy face upon them shine,  
 For *Abraham's* sake that Friend of thine.  
 O don't forget poor *Israel*,  
 But let thy Light and glorious Rays  
 Cause their rare Beauty to excel,  
 Beyond what 'twas in former days:  
 O cause thy Face sweetly to shine,  
 That *Jews* and *Gentiles* may be thine.  
 O let all Kingdoms now with speed,  
 And all the Nations under Heaven,  
 From all gross Darkness quite be freed,  
 And Power to thy Saints be given,  
 That they in Glory Lord may shine,  
 According to that word of thine.

A N



A N

## A P P E N D I X.

Containing a Dialogue between an Old  
*Apostate* and Young *Professor*.

*Apostate.*

**H**OW many straights and crosses have I met,  
Since I my self to seek for *Canaan* set!  
Red Seas and Wilderness lye between;  
Why venture I for what I ne're have seen?  
Why can I not where I am now remain?  
Or to my old delights turn back again.  
My head has been perplext with cares and fears,  
Since to these Preachers I inclin'd mine ears.  
They were but Fancies that disturb'd my mind,  
I sought for something which I could not find.  
Would God in *Egypt* I had still remain'd,  
For there's no *Canaan* likely to be gain'd.  
Conscience be silent, don't disturb me more.  
Upon such things I will no longer pore;  
For back to *Egypt* I will now retire,  
Where I shall have things to my hearts desire.

*Devil.*

*Devil.*

Pursue thy purpose, thou shalt understand,  
What e're I have shall be at thy command:  
My Kingdom's great, this world is wholly mine,  
Bow down to me, and all shall then be thine.  
Affraid I was I should have lost thee quite, (sight  
There's nought like that which here's now in thy  
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou shalt have,  
Honours on earth, riches and pleasures brave,  
When others forc't in Prison are to lye;  
Thou shalt enjoy thy precious liberty,  
When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,  
Thou shalt be held in honour and renown.  
Thou hast much goods laid up for many years;  
And long shalt live free from all cares and fears.  
Thy seed establish'd too shall be on Earth,  
And thou shalt spend thy days in joy and mirth.  
Thoughts of Religion utterly disdain,  
Nor think of God, or Jesus Christ again;  
Phanatick Fables never more regard,  
The pains of Hell which thou oft hast heard,  
Are nought save fictions of their crafty head,  
With fear of nothing are they frightned,  
That mad men like, they do tread under Feet  
Those lovely joys which wise men find most sweet  
Religion's nought but a devised thing,  
Which up at first some crafty head did bring  
To awe the minds of Fools, who wanting wit  
Take that for Gold that's a meer counterfeit.

*an old Apostate and young Professor.* 131

The truth of th'Scripture thou hast cause to doubt,  
For divers places thou may'st soon find out  
Which inconsistent to each other be.  
Of what it speaks there is no certainty.  
Conclude in truth there is no God at all,  
Why should'st thou be so Foolish as to call  
On him, whom thou did'st never see or know,  
Unless it's thus, because that most doe so?  
Let Melancholy Fancies now therefore  
Ne're vex thy mind, nor grieve thee any more.  
Enjoy thy self on Earth, and heap up Gold,  
No good like that which purse or bags do hold.  
Come eat and drink, to morrow thou must dye;  
And afterwards there's no Eternity,  
As some suppose, for thou i'th'grave shalt rot,  
And as the Beast be utterly forgot:  
But since you know it is reproach to them,  
Who all Religion utterly contemn,  
Thou may'st Religious also seem to be,  
For there is that's very fit for thee.  
Melodious sounds, sweet mirth, and musick rare,  
Do much effect the heart and charm the ear.  
No worship on the Earth do suit so well  
With Flesh or Blood, or doth for ease excell,  
Or with mans Interest doth so well agree,  
Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*.  
That, that's the worship which for thee I pitch,  
I'me not against thy turning Catholick:  
If there's a Heaven, for this thou needst not doubt,  
An easier way for thee I can't find out.

The

The way's so broad, whole Nations walk therein,  
 And persons of all sorts, no let is fin.  
 Wer't thou at *Rome*, thoust hear melodious sounds  
 Sweet joy and mirth on every side abounds:  
 Fine boys and men ravishing notes do sing,  
 Whil't Organs play in Consort, and Bells ring;  
 In that brave way thoult have thy Liberty  
 To do such things as others do deny.  
 Thou may't be mad, carouse and domineer,  
 Strict *Roman Cathloicks* such things can bear; (curse,  
 If thou dost swear, drink healths, yea, or should'st  
 There's few i'th' Church would like thee e're the  
 Or if thou should'st some curious Lady spy (worfe,  
 Or view some pretty Maid with wanton Eye,  
 To court or play with her thou need'st not fear,  
 For Venial sins alas all such things are;  
 And one great help and Remedy thoult have,  
 Which from all grief and danger will thee save;  
 If it fall out by chance at any time (crime,  
 Thou should'st commit some great and hainous  
 There is straight-way the blessed Absolution,  
 A present help, and yet no Superstition.  
 For a small sum of Mony soon is had  
 A pardon for all Sins, though ne're so bad.  
 His Holiness for a few Shillings can  
 Murder and Perjury forgive to man;  
 Nay unto thee can grant a dispensation  
 To kill and Murder any in a Nation  
 Who us and th' Holy Church hate and oppose;  
 Come trouble not thy self, but straight way clo

With

*an old Apostate and young Professor. 133*

With his fam'd Church to whom such power's given  
To open and shut with ease the Gates of Heaven.  
And make that sin to day which ne'r was sin,  
And that lawful, which lawful ne'r hath bin.  
Come buy the Beads and Crucifix also,  
And as the Church believe, believe thou too,  
For this I hope to see o're a few days (ways;  
Some thousands more cleaving to those old  
And thou wilt not such an advantage gain,  
As now thou may'st with ease I am sure obtain;  
And since in kindness and affection dear,  
I've shew'd thee how to be preferred here,  
And do ingage thy faithful Friend to be;  
There's some small thing I'de have thee do for me.  
Speak evil of the way thou late wast in;  
Belye them all, and charge them too with sin.  
Their faults lay open, let nought at all be hid,  
Revile, reproach, and slander in my stead:  
Shew how they differ, that they can't agree,  
There's little Love, and want of Charity.  
Of Canaan Land raise thou an ill report,  
To turn them back who are going for't;  
One thing at present I would have thee do,  
There is a Friend of mine which thou dost know,  
Who hath a Son, which is indeed his Heir,  
That to these foolish Notions doth adhere,  
If he should visit thee, with speed do thou  
Treat with the peevish youth, I'll teach thee how  
To controvert the cause, my place supply,  
And do what I could not do formerly.

His

His forward zeal will do my Kingdom wrong,  
Cause others also in that way to throng.  
And you shall also some derision bear  
Through his hot zeal, if that you han't a care.

*Vicinus.*

The thoughts, which Satan darts into his mind  
He closes with, and fully is inclin'd  
His Counsel for to take, what e're become  
Of his poor Soul at the great day of Doom,  
An Atheist he's become in heart and life,  
And hath abandon'd all his Christian strife.  
He's ready now, and fit for any Evil,  
An Instrument prepared for the Devil.  
But since the Gentleman and he are met,  
I will give way and hearken how they treat  
About this youth, that has of late begun,  
Resolvedly to Heaven for to run.  
You'll hear how this Apostate will ingage  
To turn him from his blessed Pilgrimage.

*Apostate.*

What my old Friend E. R? Sir, I am glad  
To see you once again, yet I am sad,  
And grieved sore to see you look so ill;  
What evil Sir, I Pray has you beset?  
What is the cause of this your present grief?  
If I can give or help you to relief,  
Or comfort you i'th least; I willing am,  
And will rejoyce, also I hither came.



Gent.

Ah Sir, my Son, my Heir, doth grieve my mind,  
He from whom I most comfort hop'd to find,  
Conjariwise will prove a plague to me,  
Unless he can with speed recover'd be.  
He'll be a Preacher I do think ere long,  
He's such a Bookish fool, and so head-strong,  
That I have little hopes he'll e're be good;  
Here's cause of grief if rightly understood.  
He is become such a vile Heretick,  
That *Romes* good Church, and the true *Catolick*  
Most vilely I perceive he doth disdain,  
And doth forsooth tell me he's born again.  
I do beseech you, Sir, do what you can,  
If you can't change his mind, there's not a man  
I think, in truth, that ever prevail will;  
O arm your self therefore, and try your skill;  
If you can turn him from these ways, then I  
Shall be engag'd to you until I die.  
You were deceiv'd your self some time ago,  
And therefore now more able are to show  
The vanity of these devised ways,  
And Bookish fables of these silly days,  
Having the Scripture in our Mother-Tongue  
Has been the ruin of us all along:  
For, since men did our holy Church forsake,  
And up new notions of Religion take,  
Nought but confusion in the World we see,  
And otherwise, in truth, 'twill never be

Un;

Until their Books i'th' fire all do burn,  
And they unto the Ancient Church do turn.

### Apostate.

*I am good Sir, of that opinion too,  
And sorry am to hear what now you do  
Relate to me, and will also in truth  
Do what I can to turn that silly Youth;  
For I can shew and make him understand  
The danger that attends on ev'ry hand.  
The hopes of unseen things will him deceive,  
And Faith's but a meer fancy I believe:  
That's the chief good which man doth here enjoy,  
And that's the evil which doth him annoy,  
Or doth deprive him of this joy and bliss,  
None but Phanaticks will deny me this;  
Who boast of that they never did possess;  
They lye alas, and are (in truth) no less  
Than frantick fools, for I could never see  
Of what they speak there's any certainty.  
I will therefore endeavour out of love,  
Your Son from these delusions to remove:  
And since I do perceive he's near at hand,  
I'll take my leave,*

*Your Servant to Command*

T H E

THE

PROLOGUE.

Attend kind friend, read with a serious eye,  
And thou shalt a sharp Conflict soon espy  
Between a man quite void of godly fear,  
And a dear youth most holy and sincere.  
The one affirms all godliness is vain,  
The other counts it for the greatest gain.  
Mark thou the end of both, and thou shalt see  
What's best to chuse, Grace or Iniquity.

*Apostate.*

Will met, good Sir, from whence pray did you come?  
*Professor.*

I am a stranger, and am trav'ling home.

*Apostate.*

Are you a stranger in this Countrey?

*Professor.*

Yea, as were all our Fathers formerly.

*Apostate.*

And from whence came ye? let's confer together.

*Professor.*

From Egypt Sir, *Apost.* I am Trav'ling thither.

I

*Apost.*

*Apostate.*

What is your business, Sir, that thus in pain,  
 You strive against the wind with might and main,  
 E're further you do go, lie down, account,  
 See whether that you run for, will surmount  
 The labour great, and loss you will sustain,  
 Before the Prize in Truth ye do obtain.  
 What place is it to which you think to go,  
 That to advise you I may fully know.  
 For good instruction to you I'll afford,  
 When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

*Professor.*

I am for *Canaan* that most Holy Land,  
 I'll Travel thither as God doth command;  
 Whose worth and value I do know full well,  
 For Riches it doth far all things excel.  
 And though all things I lose e're I come there  
 'Twill all my losses I am sure repair.  
 The worth of that therefore for which I run,  
 I did account before I first begun.

*Apostate.*

Know you of certain the place is so rare?  
 You may mistake, for you were never there.

Professor.

Ah Sir, of it I have a glorious sight,  
Which doth my Soul transcendently delight,  
Although in Person there I ne're have been;  
Yet I most plain sweet *Canaan* oft have seen:  
Besides, I lately spoke with a dear friend,  
Who did the other day from thence descend;  
And unto me its glory he did show,  
Its precious worth from him I came to know:  
Some of its Fruits also to me he gave,  
Which makes me long till I possession have.

Apostate.

is't not the fancy of thy crazy-head?  
I have likewise of such a *Canaan* read;  
It may be so, or so it may not be;  
It ne're seem'd real truly unto me.  
Who would for things which so uncertain are,  
Such losses suffer, and such labour bear,  
A bird i'th' hand's worth two i'th' bush, ye know,  
This Zeal (*poor Lad*) will work thy overthrow.

Professor.

You vainly talk, and live by sight and sense,  
I walk by Faith, which is the Evidence  
Of things not seen; here with an outward eye  
What thou see'st not, I clearly do espy.  
Is not the fancy of a crazy brain,  
For *Moses* that its glory he might gain,

All *Egypt's* treasures quickly did forego,  
 Was that the way unto his overthrow?  
 No, no, dear Sir, he saw it was the way  
 To peace and honour in another day:  
 The glory real did his Soul behold,  
 To be so great, that never can be told,  
 If thou had'st drunk but of its glorious springs,  
 Thou would'st it prize above all earthly things.  
 If thou had'st tasted but of *Canaans* hony,  
 Thou would'st esteem it more then bags of momy,  
 Although I make, alas, a poor profession,  
 Yet I have now something in my possession,  
 Lock'd up most safe in my refreshed breast,  
 More rare than Pearls within a golden Chest.  
 True peace of conscience, that through grace I have  
 Which passeth all mens knowledge to conceive.  
 I would of it not be depriv'd again,  
 If that I might ten thousand worlds obtain.

*Apostate.*

Tush, silly Fool, kick Conscience quite away,  
 Ne're mind his motions, nor what he doth say.  
 I sist'd him, and that a good while since,  
 And took revenge for his proud Insolence.  
 His gasping groans I no ways did regard,  
 But let my heart against him grow so hard,  
 That I do judge I have his business done:  
 He's dead in truth, and to dark silence gone;  
 That now I can without the least controul,  
 Have any pleasures which delight my Soul.

*Prose*

## Professor.

Ah Sir, go on, if that's the choice you make,  
I never will such cursed Counsel take.

Who ever doth his Conscience so abuse,  
Doth his dear Maker in like manner use;  
And though in you poor Conscience now lies slain,  
I'th' Judgment day he will revive again,  
And then against you his sad witness bear,  
And in your face most ghastfully will stare.  
You'll have the the worst at last, I grieve to see  
You hardned thus in your Iniquity.

*Apost.* My sorrow's gone, but thine alas will double,  
Concerning me thy self do thou not trouble.

The storms and blust'ring winds are over-past,  
And very safe I am arrived at last,  
In that same Port where Princes do delight  
For to repose and harbour day and night.  
Toss'd I have been upon the boysterous Seas,  
And till of late ne're could find rest nor ease.  
But now I'm safely Landed, and with good  
Shall satiated be, whilst thou art toss'd i'th' flood.  
Thou shalt poor youth with dreadful storms be  
Whilst I shall find a very quiet world. (hurld,  
All thy best days are gone, and plung'd thou'lt be  
Into sad Gulfs of woful misery.

Unless thou dost recant, & stop thy course, (worse.  
Thou'lt see things with thee will grow worse and  
Those fools who do their nicer Conscience mind,  
Ere long they shall but little friendship find.

## Youth.

Sir, Storms and Tempests, do, I know, attend,  
Those who resolve poor Consciences to befriend  
*Paul's* Portion 'twas, who from his very youth  
Had kept good Conscience, and obey'd the truth.  
He met with blustering winds, was toss'd about,  
Yet did bear up for *Canaan* most devout,  
'Till he at last the glorious Voyage made,  
Getting the Crown which ne're away shall fade.  
All those who sayl'd this way, have all along  
Met with great oppression and much wrong  
From Pyrates, Spoylers, and Usurpers, who  
Contrived have the Righteous to undo,  
This terrifies me not, because that I  
Know 'tis the way to true Felicity.  
The gold and precious things the Merchant gains  
Do quit his cost and recompence his pains.  
The Riches which he brings at his return,  
Makes him great dangers oftentimes to run.  
So hopes of joys, the which Cœlestial are.  
Makes me no labour nor no cost to spare.  
You are for present things, I further see;  
You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me:  
You are for pleasures, and for bags of Gold,  
I am for that which *Moses* d-d behold.  
You are for ease, whatever it doth cost,  
And honours here, though Soul for it be lost.  
Who makes the wisest choice, let them declare  
Let death and judgment shew who wise men are.



My purpose I'll pursue what e're I meet,  
My portions great, my peace my counterfeit.  
Heaven is my Port, there's such a place I am sure,  
Nought shall entice me, nor my Soul allure,  
To loose my hold, I'll keep firm in my station,  
Though in my way I meet with Tribulation.  
Yet I most safe shall there at last arrive,  
No Men nor Devils ever shall deprive,  
My Soul of that Eternal dwelling place,  
Such confidence I have obtain'd through Grace.

### *Apostate.*

*If I should grant things which so doubtful are,  
That there's a Canaan or a Heaven, where  
Sweet joys abound beyond what's here below;  
Yet hard it is for any man to know  
The ready way unto that seeming place,  
Consider this, O'tis a weighty case  
For there so many ways and voices be,  
How thou shouldst find the right I do not see.  
Thou art a stranger too, thou told'st me plain,  
Come, come young man, turn with me back again.*

### *Youth.*

Nothing (dear Sir) more certain is than this,  
That there's a Heaven or eternal Bliss.  
The Heathens could by Natures light espy  
Mans chiefeft good or best Felicity,

Must needs excel the high'st enjoyments here,  
 And shall this doubtful unto those appear (known,  
 Who have Gods works most dreadfully made  
 Yea, and his word, which very few or none  
 Who live in any land the like have had;  
 Shall such turn Atheists, this is very sad.  
 Is not Jehovah every where made known,  
 By fearful Judgments, which are daily shown?  
 And, why think you I can't the true way find,  
 Seeing Jesus has in writing left his mind  
 In plain Characters, which whilst I observe,  
 I from the truth am sure no ways to swerve,  
 He came from thence himself the other day,  
 And gave directions how to find the way;  
 This writing's firm, 'tis signed with his blood,  
 That the old Dragon, with his mighty flood  
 Of superstition, and persecuting fire,  
 Could not it spoil nor gain his curst desire.  
 The holy Scripture God to us hath given,  
 To guide our Souls in the right way to Heaven,  
 Though Satan has made opposition strong,  
 Yet still we have it in our Mother-Tongue.  
 And by this means, most plain I come to know,  
 The very foot-steps where the flock did go.

*Apostate.*

Though you of scripture seem to make your boast,  
 Your hopes of this will suddenly be lost.  
 For you much longer it an't like to have,  
 our Souls and others thus for to deceive.

For holy Church once more will quite destroy  
This *English* God which they seem to enjoy.  
Thou art unlearn'd, the Scriptures doth not know,  
But wresteth them unto thy overthrow.

*Youth.*

They are unlearn'd whom God hath never taught,  
But have in Popish darkness up been brought.  
They are unlearn'd, who never had the Spirit,  
Who think they can by works of Salvation merit.  
They are unlearn'd, who foolishly deny  
The Spirits Teachings and Authority  
For to excel all humane Arts and Science,  
And on mans teaching wholly have reliance.  
They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,  
That teach Christ Jesus is a piece of Bread,  
Which Rats and Mice may eat, and vomit up,  
And do deny the Layety the Cup.  
For those for whom Christ did his Body break,  
He of the Cup did bid them all partake.  
They are unlearn'd who think that Purgatory,  
Can be ought else than a meer fained Story.  
They are unlearn'd, whose Doctrine doth declare  
The Church two heads doth on its shoulders bear,  
That woman which hath any Husbands more  
Than only one, is a notorious Whore.  
That man's unlearn'd, who learned never hath  
The A B C of the true Christian Faith.  
That man I grant is wholly yet unlearn'd,  
Who never knew himself, nor yet discern'd

The

The cursed nature of his hainous sin,  
Nor what Estate by Nature he is in.  
That man's unlearn'd who never went to School,  
To learn for Christ how to become a Fool.  
That man's unlearn'd, yea, and a very Sot,  
Who hath his Soul and Jesus Christ forgot;  
And doth esteem Earths empty Vanity,  
Above that good which Saints in God espy.  
I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how  
To crucifie the Flesh, yea, and to bow  
To Jesus Christ, and for his precious sake,  
His Yoke and burden willingly to take,  
And follow him where ever he doth go,  
And him alone determine for to know.  
Who for my sake upon the Cross did die,  
Him I have learn'd alone to magnifie;  
And to exalt him as he's Priest and King,  
And as my Prophet too in every thing.  
And this through Grace I learned have of late,  
To be content, whatever be my state.  
Some things I must confess I ne'r could learn,  
Nor any ways perceive, see, or discern:  
I never read of *Peters* tripple Crown,  
Nor that he ever wore a Popish Gown.  
I never learn'd that he did *Pope* become,  
O' Rule o're Kings like to the Beast at *Rome*.  
I never learn'd that he kept Concubins,  
Or ever power had to pardon sins.  
I never learn'd he granted dispensations,  
To Poyson Kings, or Rulers of those Nations.

Who were prophane and turned Hereticks;  
Or did refuse the Faith of Catholicks.  
I never learn'd he was the Churches head,  
Or did forget the Clergy for to wed.  
I never read that he had Chests of Gold,  
Or that great benefits by him were sold.  
I never read he's call'd his Holiness,  
Yet had as much as any Pope I guess.  
I never learn'd *Peter* did magnifie  
Himself above all Gods or God on high.  
Or that upon the neck of Kings he trod,  
Or ever he in Cloth of Gold was clad.  
I never read that he made Laws to burn  
Such as were Hereticks, or would not turn  
To Jesus Christ, much less to murder those,  
Who did in Truth Idolatry oppose.  
I never learn'd nor could unto this day, (way:  
That th' Pope and *Peter* walk'd both in one  
Yea, or that they in any thing accord,  
Save only in denying of the Lord.  
In that they also greatly differ do,  
Of which I think to give a hint or two.  
*Peter* deny'd him, yet did love him dear,  
The Pope denies him, and doth hatred bear  
To him, and to all those that do him love,  
Who bear his Image, and are from above.  
*Peter* deny'd him, and did weep amain,  
The Pope denies him with the great'st disdain.  
*Peter* deny'd him, yet for him did die,  
The Pope in malice him doth Crucifie.

*Peter.*

*Peter* deny'd him thrice, and then repented,  
 The Pope a thousand times, but ne're relented.  
*Peter* and *John* no mighty Scholars were,  
 Yet few for knowledge might with them compare.  
 Poor Fisher-men do find the way to Heaven,  
 When Scholars go astray, who Arts have seven.  
 The Learned Schoolmen put our Lord to Death,  
 And very few of such Christ called hath.  
 But poor despised Persons he doth call,  
 And passeth by the high flown Cardinal.  
 For humane learning, and such kind of Preaching,  
 Is nothing to the blessed Spirits teaching.  
 I Learning like, and grant that men may use it,  
 Yet would I not have them for to abuse it.

*Apostate.*

Leave off these canting strains, and don't deride  
 Our holy Father, for I can't abide  
 To hear such prating Fools. Are you so wise?  
 Dare you the holy Mother Church despise?  
 'Tis that Religion I like best of all,  
 The Pope I do adore and Cardinal.  
 There's Pomp and Riches and a worldly glory,  
 What you talk of, is an unpleasant story,  
 There's pleasure, profit, safety, and much ease,  
 Which doth the Flesh as well as Spirit please.  
 Here's Heaven and Earth, what can'st thou more  
 Or of thy God or any man require? (desire)  
 Thy way th' hast lost, and *Canaan* wilt not see,  
 Therefore with speed turn back with me.

*Professor*

*Professor.*

Could I no other reason give or urge  
To prove *Romes* Church untrue, I can't but judge  
This which you speak, doth plainly it declare,  
For in *Christs* Church no such vain pomps appear;  
No worldly glory doth *Christs* Church adorn,  
For she's afflicted, much despis'd and torn.  
Her beauty can't withoutward Eyes be seen,  
Her beauty and her glory are within.  
When *John* sets forth the Antichristian state,  
Much outward pomp 'tis true he doth relate.  
The VVhore is deck'd with Gold, brave Stones and  
VVho at poor *Sion* doth with envy snarl. (Pearl.  
No liberty to sh' flesh the Lord doth give,  
Saints must alone after the spirit live.  
No serving God and Mammon, Sir 'tis plain,  
To Hell ye go except you're born again.  
If you'll be *Christs*, with speed then turn you must,  
To crucifie the flesh with all it's lust.  
No cause have I to fear, to go astray,  
VVhilst I walk daily in the narrow way.  
All those who do Gods holy word contemp,  
No light nor truth is there at all in them.  
Their feet on the dark mountains soon will fall,  
And utter ruin will o're take them all.  
But as for me no cause have I to doubt,  
But I shall find this blessed *Canaan* out.  
To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,  
The thoughts of it my Soul doth much disdain.

Do'st

Do'st think I'll leave my *Quails* and *Manna* rare,  
For stinking *Garlick*, and base *Onyons* there?

*Apostate.*

For all your courage, Sir, I do suppose,  
You will repent that ever you have chose,  
To leave the comforts of a precious World,  
And with sound zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.  
You are a man that might advanced be,  
Unto great Honour, State, and Dignity.  
Your Father's Master of a good Estate,  
And you too are his Heir, I hear of late.  
But if you don't this new Religion leave,  
One groat of him you are not like to have.

*Professor.*

This World in a just balance of I try,  
And find it lighter far than vanity.  
Riches alas! they are but bags of cares,  
And honours nought save fool-bewitching Snares.  
Your outward joy will turned be to sadness,  
Your pleasure into pain, your wisdom's madness.  
You catch at nothing, 'tis at best a bubble,  
Which long you cannot keep although you do.  
Your diligence, and think to hold it fast, (ble  
'Twill fly with speed, 'tis but an empty blast.  
What frantick fit is this? Will you destroy  
Your higher hopes for such a fancy'd joy? (read  
This world's just like the Strumpet of whom *Pie*  
Who with sweet fumes inticeth to her bed.

With



*an old Apostate and young Professor.* 151

With amorous glances promises a Bliss,  
And hides destruction with a feigned Kiss.  
She has her tricks, and her ensnaring wiles,  
But lodges Death under deceitful smiles.  
She hugs the Soul she hates, yea, and does prove  
A very *Judas* where she fains to love. (snare,  
Take heed therefore, lest you be catch'd i'th  
And buy your late Repentance much too dear.  
These comforts here which you do precious call,  
Each wise man sees they're vain and flitting all.  
To think I should repent no cause is there,  
If things by you rightly consider'd were.  
What *Moses* chose of old, the same do I,  
All vain allurements I do quite despise.  
I knew when first my Journey I did take,  
I must my Fathers House learn to forsake,  
What ever I expos'd am unto,  
In *Abraham's* steps I am resolv'd to go.  
What e're I lose, Christ will mak' up to me,  
When I of *Canaan* shall possess'd be.  
I seek no honour here from any one,  
True honour comes, dear Sir, from God alone.  
To be an Heir unto a great Estate,  
Or Son unto some Potentate,  
Is nought to what by Grace I am born to.  
My Portion's great, I know not how to show  
I'm Heir unto the mighty King of Heaven,  
To me, e're long, sweet *Canaan* will be given.  
I do resolve to hold out to the end,  
Although I han't one goat nor earthly Friend.

To

To favour me: I never will return  
Until this glorious *Canaan* I have wone.

*Apostate.*

What ground have you (my friend) for to believe  
If you forsake all things, you shall receive  
This land you speak of, for your own possession?  
Unto your heart 'tis good to put this question.  
For divers do unto great things lay claim,  
Yet sometimes I see, and sure I am,  
Unto such lands can no good tittle shew,  
Although they strive for them as you may do.  
If you should sell what e're you have for this,  
And yet at last should also of it miss,  
You'l see your self at length then quite undone.  
Consider of't, and back with me return:  
For no good title of it can be had,  
'Twas this alas which once did make me sad,  
To save my own, I thought 'twas best for me,  
Unless of this I could assured be.

*Professour.*

Don't think you shall my zeal from Heaven cool  
Nor my dear Soul with fancies thus befooled.  
Rouse up my Soul, now in thy own defence,  
And shew thy clear and precious evidence.  
Can any thing be plainer here on earth,  
'Twas purchas'd for me by Christ *Jesus*'s Death,  
The Father doth this Kingdom own, and he  
For his own Child has late adopted me.

And if a Child, I also am an Heir,  
And shall with Jesus this like Glory share.

**Apostate.**

How do you know you be his Child? in this  
You may mistake, and so may *Canaan* miss.

**Professor.**

My late conversion doth most plainly prove,  
My inward birth is truly from above.  
The Truth and Conscience both agree in one,  
I am through Grace no Bastard, but a Son.  
Those whom God doth by his own Spirit lead,  
They are his Sons, you in the Scripture read.  
Besides all this, since I did first believe,  
An earnest of this Land I did receive.  
And divers promises also there be,  
Which bind it firmly over unto me.  
Is not my Title unto Heaven good,  
When sign'd and seal'd to me by Christ his blood?  
You see by these I have a certain ground,  
And good assurance for Gods Kingdom found.  
But you, as it appears, do quite despair,  
Without all hopes of ever coming there.

**Apostate.**

Nay stay a little, don't affirm that neither,  
Why may not I as soon as you come thither,  
Though in that way, in which I late did walk,  
I was deceiv'd with many other Folk;

K

And

And thought that Heaven was entail'd to those  
Which did the Pope and Church of *Rome* oppose,  
Thinking a Man a seperate must be  
From that same Church, or else could never see,  
Find, nor enjoy Eternal Peace and Rest;  
And therefore I, like others, did protest  
Against that Ancient Mother Church, whom now  
I am resolv'd to own, yea, and to bow  
Down unto her, with all humble subjection,  
Thinking 'tis best for safety and protection,  
Resolving never more to vex my mind  
As I have done, for I shall sooner find  
In this smooth way, assurance for Salvation,  
Than if I had kept in my former Station.  
Hopes I may have, no certain ground I know  
The Church affirms we can attain unto.  
But promises most clear are made to those  
Who seek for the Old way, and with it close.  
And that *Romes* Church can plead Antiquity,  
No Protestant I'm sure can it deny:  
Yea, and must grant, what ever's their profession,  
That none save *Rome* can prove their true succession  
From those brave Churches which first planted  
By the Apostles, as their Acts declare, (were  
And therefore Youth, you must no longer boast  
Of Faith and Confidence, for you have lost  
Your way to Heaven; and must therefore look  
Unto that Church which long has been forsook,  
From the true Church to rend and schismatize,  
Is a sad thing, though many it despise.

For

For though Corruption in the Church there be,  
Yet all should walk in Uniformity.

*Professor.*

Sir, I deny your Churches constitution,  
Which makes me loath you, and for your pollution,  
Corruption, and vile spots, they are so bad,  
No Church of Christ the like hath ever had;  
Which I resolve fully to make appear  
Before I'll leave you, if you're pleas'd to hear.

*Apostate.*

*Romes* Church was rightly gathered, that's most  
(clear,  
Saint *Paul* himself to this doth Witness bear.  
Faith and Repentance truly did they own,  
And were baptized in due form 'tis known;  
No Church in constitution right has been,  
If that our Church i'th' least doth fall herein.

*Professor.*

*Romes* Church I grant was true i'th' Apostles days,  
But yours from that doth differ many ways.  
*Romes* Church was very Famous heretofore,  
But is become the Scarlet colour'd Whore.  
From the true Faith she hath departed quite,  
And the true Church was forc'd to take her flight  
Into the dark and howling Wilderness,  
Where she lay hid in sore and great distress,

From the vile Beast, and Dragons furious rage,  
And so remain'd until this latter Age.

If *Romes* Church now were like unto the old,  
Then with the Romanists we all would hold,  
But when she is become Christs Enemy,  
*God out of Babylon*, doth bid us fly.

If you can prove *Romes* Church hath not declin'd,  
From that Church-State by *Paul* himself defin'd,  
Then you will undertake for to do more  
Than any Papist ever did before.

The *Jewish* Church God once did own and love,  
But for their Sins he did them quite remove  
Out of his sight, they'r broken for their sin,  
With other Churches which have Famous bin.  
And yet do keep some outward form and show  
Of Worship and Church-state, as *Rome* may do.  
Who has in Truth nought left save a bare name,  
As hath been clearly prov'd by Men of Fame.

If you should bring your Visibilty,  
To prove your Church is true; I do reply,  
A better argument I need not bring  
To prove yours false, than that same very thing.  
For the true Church was hid, did not appear  
A thousand two hundred and sixty year.  
And then whereas you in the second place  
Mention Antiquity, 'tis a clear case,  
Your Church is under Age, yea much too young.  
Out of th' Apostacy alas she sprung.  
A Bastard Church, base-born, meer National,  
And therefore that's for you no proof at all.

The

The fleshly seed i'th' Church must not be brought,  
*John Baptist* and our Saviour both so taught.  
Christs Church is gather'd by Regeneration,  
And not as 'twas i'th' former dispensation.  
You in a lineal way do go about,  
To take in those whom Jesus hath shut out,  
The Axe is now laid to the Root o'th' Tree,  
And every one true Penitent must be,  
And must obtain of God true saving grace,  
Who in his holy Church would have a place.  
Your Church is not so gather'd, therefore I  
Deny your Church and its Antiquity;  
That Church which is upheld by th' carnal Sword,  
And not by th' power of God's holy Word,  
Is very false, and that *Romes* Church is so,  
Not a few worthy Authors plainly show.  
And whereas she much boasts of Holiness,  
No People doubtless in the World have less;  
For *Rome* like to a stinking Common-shore,  
Receives what ev'ry one casts forth o'th' door.  
She's like a Cage of ev'ry hateful Bird,  
As is Recorded in Gods sacred Word.  
The Council which an Ancient Author gave,  
Let ev'ry Soul with special care receive.  
*He that would holy live, from Rome be packing,*  
*There's all things else, but Godliness is lacking.*  
She also doth Doctrines of Devils hold,  
According as th' Apostle hath foretold.  
In charging People to abstain from Meat,  
Which God alloweth us freely to Eat.

And in denying persons for to Wed,  
 Though God allow the undefiled Bed.  
 By means of these most cursed prohibitions  
 Your Clergy stinks alive with gross pollutions.  
 And many of your filthy Popes of *Rome*  
 Have *Sodomites* and *Buggerers* become;  
 Whoredom and Incest they have mine'd so small,  
 As scarce to count them any sin at all.  
 Most cursed *Stews* allowed are by them,  
 Whom none i'th' *Popedom* dare i'th' least condemn.  
 Vile *Necromancers* many of them were,  
 Haters of God, no sin (in truth) is there,  
 But some o'th' *Popes* of it have guilty been,  
 As may upon Record be clearly seen.  
 Is this your Holy *Head* and Reverend *Father*,  
 Next unto Christ supream? Is he not rather,  
 A Devil incarnate? the worst of Mankind,  
 Who can in Hell a viler Sinner find. (Love,  
 Is *Rome* Christ's Church, Christ's Spouse, his only  
 His undefiled one, and spotless Dove?  
 Sir, don't mistake, she is that *Scarlet Whore*,  
 Whom *John* Characterized heretofore.  
 Which I shall full evince, and make appear,  
 If you with patience will but lend an ear.

*Apostate.*

I find you in reproaches free enough,  
 But shall expect you so too in your proof.  
 Those common Epithets of Beast and Whore,  
 Are daily flung at every bodies door.

But



But for to warrant your severer doom,  
Prove that they properly belong to *Rome*.

*Professor*

That truth Gods sacred word doth well explain :  
That City which o're Kings of th' Earth did Reign,  
Was that same Whore, the Spirit clear doth show,  
And that *Rome* was that City, all men know,  
Who then above all others bore the sway,  
'Twas *Rome* the Nations fear'd and did obey.  
And still you Papiſts to her Bishops give  
Headſhip o're all who on the Earth do live :  
Before him Kings and Emperors muſt ſubmit,  
That ſo he may the mighty Monarch ſit.  
Whil'ſt absolute pow'r he claims, and Sovereignty  
Above all Princes, by his Tyranny.  
From whence all perſons may conclude it true,  
By their firſt Mark, the Title is his due.  
The ſecond Character of *Babylon*,  
Is *Pomp and State*, wherein ſhe proudly ſhone.  
That *Rome* has been a Rich Gay coſtly Whore,  
*England* once found, I wiſh ſhe may no more.  
Infinite Sums almoſt ſhe ſqueez'd from hence,  
For Pardons, Obits, Annates, *Peter-pence*.  
And through each Land where ſhe her triumphs led  
Whoſe ſwarms of Locuſts, Priests and Friars were  
Theſe (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*) (ſpread.  
Were faithful Slaves ſtill to promote her work.  
Whilſt to maintain thoſe drones ſhe ſwept away,  
The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their prey.

In the third place, *she doth Mens Souls enslave,*  
 This Mark in *Rome* most evident we have.  
 With dangerous Vows, unwarranted Traditions,  
 Implicit Faith, and thousand superstitions,  
 Pretended Miracles, Apparent Lies,  
 Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies,  
 She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,  
 Boasts all her dictates are infallible :

And then ( to fill her measure ) i'th' last place,  
 'Tis said she would Gods precious *Sion* race.  
 This can of none but *Rome* be understood,  
 That drunken Whore, who Reels in Martyrs Blood;  
 As I more largely now shall make appear,  
 And then with patience your excuses hear.  
 Within the compass of six Thousand years,  
 Has been presented to the Eyes and Ears  
 Of future Ages, the most sad contents  
 Of Bloody Tragedies, the dire events  
 Of dreadful Wars, in sev'ral Generations,  
 The overthrow of many fruitful Nations :  
 But all comes short of *Romes* most bloody Bill,  
 Which doth the Earth with Sanguine volumes fill.  
*Jerusalem* that City of renown,  
 Sack't by *Vespasian*, burnt and broken down;  
 It was indeed a dreadful desolation,  
 And so have Conquerors dealt with many a Nation;  
 All Conqu'rors ever found a time to cease, (peace.  
 When once they'd Conquered, then they were at  
 They Murder'd not, but such as would not yield,  
 To own them for their Lords : and in the field,

They

They slew them too with weapons in their hand }  
For their defence, and always ready stand }  
To give Quarter to those that it demand. }  
But this vile Strumpets Blood-bedabbled hands  
Finds not a period, never countermands -  
Her cruel rage, her Murders know no end,  
She Slaughters when she pitty doth pretend :  
Years terminate not her Blood-thirsty acts,  
She Slays without examining their facts.  
In times of Peace her Treach'rous hands have shed,  
Blood without Measure : She hath Murthered  
By cursed Massacres her Neighbours, when  
They thought themselves the most secure of Men.  
One might fill volumes with her bloody story,  
In which she still persists : Makes it her glory  
T' invent strange Torments to deprive the breath  
Of Christians, by a tedious ling'ring Death.  
The brutish Nero first of Tyrant Kings,  
From whose base Root nine other Tyrants springs,  
Whose most inhumane Acts, not to their glory,  
Did leave the World a lamentable story ;  
And to their lasting and Eternal shame,  
Did purchase to themselves that hateful Name:  
Of Bloody Monsters in the shape of Men,  
Whose cruel acts deserve an Iron Pen,  
That might perpetuate to after-times,  
These Heathens cruelty ; Record the Crimes  
For which those Christians willingly laid down,  
Their Earthly Houses for a Heavenly Crown.  
Reflect a while Sir, and but cast your Eye,  
First on those Heathen Emp'ors cruelty. Then

Then view the Bloody Papists, and compare  
Their cruelties together, and as far  
As *Egypt* Darkness did exceed our Night,  
Or Midnight differs from the Morning-light,  
So far the Papist's cruelty does exceed  
The worst of Heathen Tyrants, and indeed  
The worst of Tyrants since the World began,  
Or since dissention fell 'twixt Man and Man.  
If *Cyprian's* and *Ensebins* words be true,  
These persecuting Emp'rors yearly slew  
Millions of Souls, shedding their guiltless Blood,  
Which ran like waters from a mighty Flood.  
So void their hearts were of all humane pity,  
They spar'd no Age, nor Sex, nor Town, nor City,  
The things wherein these Christians did offend,  
Were only this, they did refuse to bend  
Their Heaven devoted knees, or fall before  
Those Idol Gods these Emp'rors did adore.  
They did believe one God created all,  
They did believe in Christ, and down did fall  
Prostrate upon the Earth, and daily bring  
Sacrifice only to that Heav'nly King.  
Their Emperors Gods these Christians did deride,  
This was the cause so many Millions dy'd.  
These Emperors thinking themselves engag'd  
Their Idols to revenge, grew more enrag'd,  
To see the Christians boldly to despise  
Their Gods, and honour Christ before their Eyes;  
They did conclude the Nature of th' offence  
Deserv'd no less than Death for recompence.

Thus

Thus may we plainly see a reason why  
These Heathen Emp'rors us'd such cruelty.  
'Twas not because they worshipt not aright,  
But worshipt not at all, nay, did despight  
Unto those Idols which they Gods did call,  
Affirming that they were no Gods at all.  
An act not to be born by Flesh and Blood,  
To have the Edicts of their Gods withstood.  
Yet in the midst of all those Tyrants rage,  
Serious advice a little would assuage  
Their hellish fury, and for some time cease,  
And give the Christians a breathing space.  
And when as those Ten Emperors ceas'd to be,  
Then terminated all their cruelty.  
Three hundred years accomplisht their fierce wrath,  
And then the Heathens own'd the Christian Faith.  
And now their Emp'rors do as much adore  
The God of Heaven and Earth, as they before  
Had done their Idols; and zealous for the Church,  
Give great donations, make their Bishops rich.  
And now proud *Rome*, since *Constantine* the great,  
Thou by degrees hast taken up thy seat,  
Pust up with Riches, swoln with filthy pride,  
From Gods pure Laws hast quickly turn'd aside.  
And now such Bishops only dost thou chuse,  
As God doth hate, and utterly refuse;  
Proud, sensual, and void of th' Holy Spirit;  
Such as the Lord hath said shall not inherit  
Eternal Glory; such thy Bishops be:  
Who should be fill'd with truth and purity.

Shining

Shining like lights before the Flock, that they  
The better might discern the perfect way.  
But now instead of such as these, behold  
They are presumpt'ous, proud, imperious, bold ;  
Changing the worship that the Lord makes known,  
And in its stead will introduce their own.  
Yea, so presumptuous are they in their pride,  
As to affirm God's holy Word's no guide  
For Men to walk by ; the only rule that they  
Do council Men, nay force them to obey,  
Is their Traditions, which they affirm to be  
Far more Authentick then our Lords decree,  
Within his holy Word he us hath given,  
For a sure light to guide our steps to Heaven.  
And now these Christians, whose most tender heart  
Dares not believe them, fearing to depart  
From Gods directions, which in his bless'd Word  
He hath so plainly left upon Record :  
These are the men this wicked Strumpet hath  
So often made the objects of her wrath,  
Making the Earth to Drink the guiltless Blood  
Of such as for Gods holy Word have stood.  
Oh ! Let the Blood-drunk Earth ne're cease to cry  
Unto the Heaven enthroned Majesty,  
Till God take vengeance as he did on *Cain*,  
For all the righteous *Abels* she hath slain.  
Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,  
Yea, for believing that his sacred Word  
Is the most perfect, and the truest guide,  
The Rule by which all Doctrines should be try'd.

Our

Our blessed Lord bids search them, for saith he,  
They are the words that testifie of me.  
Lo here's the cause, behold the reason why  
The Whore has acted so much cruelty,  
Inhumane Murthers doth this Whore invent,  
Whereby she daily slays the Innocent.  
The numbers she hath Murder'd do surmount  
The strictest of Arithmeticks account.  
What Countrey hath not tasted of the Cup,  
That her most bloody hands have filled up?  
How hath she stir'd up Nations to engage  
Against each other, to satisfie her rage?  
Where Millions have been brought unto the dust,  
Only to satisfie the Strumpets Lust:  
That she the better might Ingross the power  
Of Hell into her hands, and so devour  
At her blood-thirsty pleasure, such as she  
Could not perswade to Love Idolatry.  
Perfidious *France*, whose most Inhumane wrath,  
Passing the Limits of a Christian Faith:  
Within the space of eight and twenty days,  
Thy bloody hands most treacherously betrays  
Ten thousand Souls, and to that bloody score,  
Adds quickly after Twenty thousand more.  
How many Murders more that Popish Nation  
Have done, the *Romish* Hist'ries make relation;  
And yet from cruelty *Rome* has not ceas'd,  
But as her years, her Murders have increas'd:  
And sworn to bigger numbers in less space,  
As *Bellarmino* affirmeth to her Face;

Who

Who thus attests, that from the Morning light  
Until the Sable Curtains of the Night  
Were closely drawn, her bloody hands did slay  
A hundred thousand Souls ; O ! let that day  
In Characters of blood recorded be,  
That may remain unto Eternity.  
O let the Earth that drinketh in the Rain,  
That did receive the blood of all the Slain,  
Let both the Heavens, and the Earth implore  
The God of Heaven to confound the Whore.  
O poor *Bohemia*, thou hast had a taste,  
When wicked *Julian* laid thy Country waste.  
Burning thy Towns and Villages with Fire,  
Sparing not young, nor old, nor Son, nor Sire,  
What multitudes unnumbered were thy slain,  
Which in the Field unburied did remain !  
Thou found'st the Woolvish Popes in every age  
Contrive thy Ruine, many times engage  
Thy Neighbour Nations to shed forth thy blood,  
Only because faithful *Bohemia* stood  
For Gods pure Worship, *Martin* the sixth excites  
(Knights  
Emperours, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls and  
With one consent to fall upon that Nation,  
On no less terms than on their own Salvation ;  
Promising also upon that condition,  
To give a full and absolute remission  
Unto the vilest sinner that e're stood  
Upon the Earth, that would but shed the blood

Though



Though but of one *Bohemian*; O rage!  
Not to be parallel'd in any Age;  
Except that Monster, who did fore Rebuke  
The-over charitable Popish Duke  
Of *D'Alva*: and would you know his Crime,  
It was because that he in six years time,  
Through too much lechery caus'd not the Earth  
To drink more Christian blood than Issued forth  
From eighteen thousand Souls; for this the Duke  
Was thought by Papists worthy of Rebuke.  
Is eighteen thousand in six years so few,  
In the account of your blood-thirsty crew  
Inhumanly to Murther? yea indeed,  
Because their former numbers did exceed.  
But if the Duke of *Alva's* bloody bill  
Came short in number, yet his hand did fill  
It up with Torments, so dreadful to rehearse,  
As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce  
A Marble-heart, make Infidels relent,  
Torments that none but Devils could Invent,  
But if all this was over little still,  
His Predecessors added to the bill.  
For from the time that Hellish Inquisition  
Did from the Devil first receive Commission,  
As well approv'd History doth relate,  
Till thirty years expired had their date,  
By cruel torments which they still retain,  
Was a hundred and fifty thousand slain;  
And yet before they took away their breath,  
They for some time did make each day a death.

Depri-

Depriving them, as far as in them lay  
Of all the comfort that either night or day  
Affords Mankind; for then there was not found  
So much Sun-light as to behold the ground  
On which they stood: Each day that giveth light,  
Was unto them like *Egypt's* darkeſt Night.  
In Hellish Darkneſs thus they made them ſpend  
Their weary hours, and kindly in the end  
Destroyed them: the company they had  
Within thoſe darkſome caverns, was their ſad  
And Melancholy thoughts, their ſighs and groant,  
Their doleful Lodgings was upon the ſtones.  
If noyſome creatures bred and ſoftred there,  
Theſe noyſome Creatures their Companions were.  
What Food they Eat was only to ſecure  
Their Souls alive, that ſo they might endure  
The ſeveral Torments that they did provide,  
And ſo a hundred and fifty thouſand dy'd,  
Beſide what dy'd by Perſecuting hands,  
Within the Popes Confiner in ſeveral Lands.  
Thus may I ſooner ſpend my ſtrength and tears,  
And tire (if you regard) your Eyes and Ears,  
Than give a full and abſolute relation,  
Of all the Acts of *Romes* abomination.  
Oh! may my native Countrey rather hear  
Their bloody Acts than in the leaſt part bear  
Her burthen, or behold her murd'ring hand  
Once more ſpread through the Confiner of our land.  
But I perceive theſe truths are dully heard,  
And that you little my diſcourſe regard.

Apoſtate

Apostate.

Yes, yes, I hear and smile, what Tragedies  
You make of lawful just severities.  
The Martyrs you applaud were Rebels too,  
And still against Authority would go,  
If then they suffer'd who (pray) is to blame?

Professor.

That I have shewn already to their shame,  
And I would have my Country-men to take  
Another taste, that may preserve awake  
Their drowsie Souls, who take a dying nap,  
Much like deluded *Sampson* on the lap  
Of Lustful *Dalila*, whose treacherous breath  
Sends forth the Messenger of *Sampson's* Death;  
Let not the Strumpets sugar'd words perswade  
Thee to give credit t'her, it has been her trade  
To promise fairest when she doth intend  
To deal falsest, she doth betray her friend  
Like wicked *Gain*, first of that sinful Race,  
That Slew his Brother Smiling in his Face.  
From the first time that e're the Hellish Rage  
Of Jesuits appeared on the Stage  
To Act their parts in *England*, *France*, and *Spain*,  
And *Italy* her Bloody hands hath Slain,  
Nine hundred thousand Souls or thereabout,  
Ere many years had run their hours out.  
Of the *Americans* by *Papish Spain*,  
In Fifty years was Fifteen Millions Slain.

L

The

The poor Religious *Waldenses*, whose eye,  
 Like the quick sighted *Vulture*, did espy  
*Romes* filthy Whoredoms, and freshly disclaim  
 Her vile Idolatry, and hate the same; (Cup  
 Drunk dreadful draughts of *Romes* most Bloody  
 Which she with Hell-bred fury poured up.  
 And for no other cause, her bloody hands  
 She did stretch forth, with Hell enraged bands  
 Being sent abroad, forthwith to put to Death  
 Both young and old, each man that draweth breath;  
 And yet, as if she had not been content  
 To Murder Parents with their Innocent  
 And harmless Babes, as if their Hellish breath  
 Had now been spent, with putting Souls to death:  
 Fourscore sweet Babes that never did offend,  
 Famish'd to Death, their harmless Lives did end.  
 Search, search into the deep Abyss of Hell,  
 And see if all the Devils can parallel  
 So vile an Act, O most imperious Treason  
 Against the King of Kings, and Law of Reason!  
 Are Papists Christians, and are these their Acts,  
 To punish such as ne're committed *Facts*?  
 Are those right actions fitting Gospel times,  
 To lay on Babes the weight of highest Crimes?  
 Did Christ do thus, or hath he ever given  
 Them leave to deal so with the Heirs of Heaven?  
 Those Murd'red Souls under the Altar lie  
 Crying how long *Eternal Majesty*,  
 How long wilt thou be ere thou aveng thy Saints  
 And lend thine Ear unto their sad complaints.

These *Waldenses* being overcome and dead,  
 A little remnant that escaped fled;  
 Taught by Dame Nature's Moral Law to save  
 Their much desired lives, within a Cave  
 Did hide themselves, hoping at last, that they  
 Taking advantage of another day,  
 When Golden *Titan* had laid down his head  
 Upon the pillows of his Western Bed,  
 And *Proserpina* Lady of the Night  
 Had drawn her Sable Curtains, then they might  
 Transport themselves into some other Land,  
 And so escape out of the Hunters hand.  
 But as the *Hound* that hunts the wearied *Hart*,  
 Doth ply their steps and never will depart  
 The Fields and Meadows, or the silent wood  
 Till they surprize the Beast: even so these blood-  
 Devouring Monsters having found the Cave,  
 Most bar'rously did make that place their grave,  
 Wherein four hundred yielding up their breath,  
 Were in a bar'rous manner choak'd to Death.  
 No Nation in the World hath ever seen,  
 A Foe so dreadful as the Whore hath been.  
 It is far better to be overcome  
 By *Turk* or *Heathen*, than by Christian *Rome*.  
 What part of *Europe* now can make their boast,  
 And say they have not tasted to their cost  
 Of *Ramish* Mercy? Some are yet alive,  
 Whose Parents felt the Death she did contrive.  
 O *Germany*! thy poor distressed Estate  
 Will speak to future Ages, and relate

Whole Volumes of her bloody Murders, and  
 The Murder'd Souls of bleeding *Ireland*  
 Cry night and day for Vengeance, and implore  
 Gods *Heaven* enthroned Majesty e're more,  
 To put a period to her Hellish power,  
 That we may overtake her in an hour.  
 Those dreadful Murders, have the eyes and ears  
 Of some now living, heard and seen the Tears  
 Of Soul afflicted Parents, whose sad eyes  
 Beheld their murdered Babes, and heard their cries.  
 Their Daughters ravish'd, and when that was done,  
 Cruelly murder'd; and the hopeful Son  
 By untold Torments slain before their eyes,  
 Whilest they beheld their Childrens miseries;  
 Their Children murder'd, and their Wives defil'd,  
 Whose Bodies they ript up being great with child.  
 And all this while Parents and Husbands were  
 Forc'd to behold what flesh and blood can't bear  
 The bare Relation: what *Adamant* heart  
 Melts not, when these dreadful things impart?  
 Ripping up Child, great Women was not all,  
 For that, although inhuman, was but small,  
 Compar'd with other Torments they indur'd  
 Whose Patient bore what could not else be cur'd;  
 Teazing out Bowels, boyling Men alive, (arrive  
 These Deaths and worse, those Monsters did con-  
 We see how they have dealt with every Nation;  
 And shall we shrink at last to find compassion?  
 The piteous cries of Parents ne're could move  
 Them to extend the smallest dram of Love.

The tears that ran from dying Infants eyes,  
Like plenteous showers from the darkned skies:  
Whose great abundance might have made a river,  
Yet all these floods of brinish tears could never  
Enter a Papists heart so hard condens'd,  
So void of pity, and all humane sence.  
To hear the doleful shrieks, and dying groans  
Of poor distressed Babes who make their moans,  
To Soul-afflicted Parents e're they part,  
These are the things delight a Papists heart;  
To see the dying gasps before the death  
Of tortured Souls, whose life-forsaken breath  
Had waited many a tedious hour past, (last,  
When their tormented Souls should breath their  
Whose dolorous sighings penetrate the skies,  
Those objects do delight a Papists eyes,  
And can we now at last expect to find  
That Rome's grown Merciful, and Papists kind.  
No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix  
Our serious thoughts upon late Sixty six:  
When *London* was consum'd, that Famous City,  
Its Ruins do bespeak them void of pity.  
By *Rome's* contrivance was fair *London* burn'd,  
*Englands* Metropolis to ashes turn'd.  
Their Merchants of their riches quite bereft,  
To day rich men, to Morrow nothing left,  
Their Wives and Children harbourless became,  
Their substance all consumed in the Flame:  
To day this Famous City's deck't in Gold,  
To morrow an amazement to behold.

The dolefull Shrieks, and lamentable Cries,  
 The floods of tears that ran from weeping Eyes,  
 As true resemblances, did represent  
 The Sorrows that our Neighbours underwent.  
 And can we think that Hell begotten Rage,  
 That did provoke so many to engage  
 In such an Act far worse than th' Powder-treason:  
 Can we suppose if we consult with Reason,  
 The fury of their Hellish Rage expir'd  
 So soon as e're that Famous place was Fir'd?  
 No, no, Good Sir, your pardon, I presume  
 Those Hell-kindled flames that did consume  
 So fair a City in so short a space,  
 Hell gave those flames Commission down to raze  
 Not *London* only, but every Soul that hath  
 A heart resolved to maintain the Faith  
 Of Jesus, Protestants both great and small,  
*Rome* hath determin'd their Eternal Fall.  
 And those more formal Protestants, whose Zeal  
 May secretly perswade them to conceal  
 Their seeming Faith, and feignedly to close,  
 With *Romes* erroneous Doctrine, and suppose  
 Thereby to save their Lives; let none believe  
 Such vain perswasions, many did deceive  
 Themselves; for *Rome*, that Painted Whore,  
 Will deal with them as she hath done before,  
 With such as hoped in the self same kind,  
 To meet with Mercy, but nought less did find.  
 Christ never gave unto his Church Commission  
 For to make Laws for grievous Persecution.



No outward force were they i<sup>th</sup> least to use,  
 Much less poor Innocents for to abuse,  
 By Burning, Starving, Roasting on a Spire,  
 And tauntingly to make a sport of it,  
 The holy Saints and People of the Lord,  
 Their only weapon was Gods Sacred Word.  
 With that blest d sword always they overcome,  
 And did refute all Hereticks; but *Rome*  
 Makes use (tis plain) to th<sup>e</sup> Carnal Sword and Fire,  
 Tis Blood, tis Blood this Locust doth desire.  
 Death without Mercy, Acts of Cruelty,  
 The matter must decide continually:  
 The way they use to turn a Soul from error,  
 Is the most dreadful flesh amazing terror  
 Of horrid Racks, whereon a Man must lye  
 Tortur'd to Death, dying, yet cannot dye.  
 Strange kinds of Instruments devis'd to tear  
 The flesh from off the bones; these sometimes were  
 Her friendly admonitions, to reclaim  
 Such whom she doth for Hereticks defame.  
 What Massacres hath she contriv'd by Night,  
 When Nature doth to rest each man invite!

(*harrow*)  
 When sleep had clos'd their eyes, no thoughts of  
 Did them possess, but in their folded arms (they)  
 Their Wives, and Children lay, with hopes that  
 Through grace might Live to see another day.

(*Hell*)  
 Then came these murd'ring Butchers, sent from  
 Nothing but Blood would their vile rage repell;

Laying dear Babes and Mothers in their gore,  
Till all were dead they scorned to give o're;  
If these Church dealings will not work contrition,  
She can erect a cursed Inquisition:  
A dreadful place of cruelty and blood,  
Whole torments scarcely can be understood,  
A loathsome Dungeon, and vile stinking Cell,  
A place of Darkness, representing Hell;  
Where nothing is so plentiful as tears,  
And bitter sighs, and yet can find no ears  
To hear their cries and lamentable moans,  
Nor hearts to pity them for all their groans,  
Where many tedious days and nights they spend,  
Not knowing when their sufferings will have end,  
If such like arguments (Sir) will confute  
A Heretick, the Papist may dispute  
With all the world, nay Heathen *Rome* could never  
Come nigh a Papist with their best endeavour:  
They scorn all *Turks* or *Pagans* (for contrivall  
Of Barbarous Cruelties) should be corival;  
For inhumanities they must despise  
And scorn that Cannibals should them come nigh,  
A bloody Papist strives to counterfeit  
The Plagues of Hell, as far as Man's conceits  
Can reach unto, or Devils could invent;  
This is the Papists knocking Argument  
Thus, thus is *Rome* drunk with the Martyrs blood,  
Which has run down like to a mighty flood.  
O! it is *Rome* that is that Scarlet Whore,  
Which thus doth hate and persecute the poor,

And

And all which are unto the Truth inclin'd,  
To serve the Lord with a most perfect mind,  
According to the tenor of his Word;  
All such she strives to put unto the Sword;  
And suffers none to buy, nor sell, nor live,  
But such as homage unto her would give.  
Upon her head also Saint John did see  
Was writ the cursed name of Blasphemy:  
Setting her self on Gods Imperial Throne:  
Saying, I am, besides me there is none.  
I have the Keys of Heaven in my hand,  
Both Earth and Hell is at my sole command;  
I shut and open unto whom I please,  
I Torment give to some, to others Ease.  
Lo! thus Gods Sacred Word doth point her forth,  
This, this is she, there's none in all the Earth  
That ever did adventure to lay claim  
To that presumptuous and blasphemous Name,  
As King of Heaven, Earth and Hell, but she, (be.  
Therefore *Romes* Church must the vile Strumpet

**Apostate.**

Sir, speak no more, forbear your scandalous lies,  
The Holy Church such murd'rous acts defies:  
Do not believe all Stories you do hear,  
'Tis hard for you to make these things appear.

*Professor.*

Prophet

These things were not (Sir) in a corner done,  
 Besides I never yet have heard of one  
 That is for you, or standeth on your side,  
 Who by just proof these things ever deny'd;  
 For they alas notoriously are known,  
 And many Papists also them do own.  
 Besides, 'twas late some of these Cruelties,  
 Murder and Blood, and barb'rous Tragedies  
 Were done, and acted; some alive now be  
 Who with their Eyes these Villanies did see.  
 About the year (dear Sir) of Fifty five  
 A dreadful Massacre did *Rome* contrive  
 Near unto *France* with' *Dukedom* of *Savoy*,  
 Where thirty thousand souls she did destroy,  
 Who were commanded without all delays  
 Papists to turn, and that within three days;  
 Who for refusing, were then presently  
 Put unto Death with barb'rous Cruelty, (parts,  
 Some with sharp spears thrust through their privy  
 Whil'st others stabbed were unto their hearts.  
 Some Babes they cut in pieces, some they Roasted,  
 And some upon the tops of Spears they rosted;  
 Virgins were Ravished, Widdows and Wives,  
 All barbarously deprived of their Lives;  
 Some were drove forth on bitter Ice and Snow,  
 And many knock'd o'th' head as they did go;  
 Thus were those souls brought into Misery,  
 See it at large in *Morelands* History.

an old Apostate and young Professor. 179.

Two hundred thousand Protestants and more,  
Were Massacred by this vile bloody Whore  
In Ireland, there's many now alive  
Who saw what kinds of Deaths they did contrive,  
By which some of their dear Relations then  
Were tortured by those most bloody men.  
How can you, Sir, these things I th' least deny,  
Which are so obvious unto every eye.

Apostate.

Youth, 'tis the Faith of Roman Catholics,  
Thus for to deal with all vile Hereticks,  
Yet 'twas Rebellion too, say what you will,  
For which the Church did many thousands kill.  
To Magistrates they disobedient were,  
And therefore they just punishment did bear.

Professor.

Peter and John they Rebels were also,  
By that same argument which use you do.  
To Magistrates they did refuse to bend,  
Wherein they knew, they should the Lord offend.  
In Civil things they always did submit,  
And Preached also, 'twas a thing most fit,  
In things which do unto Man appertain;  
But Christ o're Conscience ought alone to Reign.  
Ev'n so those Martyrs bare an upright mind  
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd  
In all just things obedient for to be,  
Yet did stand up for Christ his Sovereignty,

And

And were resolv'd in matters of their Faith,  
To worship God as holy Scripture saith,  
According to that light which he doth give,  
Up unto which each Soul on Earth should live.

(death,  
And though your Church doth put poor men to  
'Twas from the Dev'l such curst Laws came forth.  
The Pares with Wheat should grow unto the end,  
Till God is pleas'd the Reapers for to send.  
That 'twas from Satan I don't doubt i'th' least,  
For he did give unto this Bloody Beast  
His Pow'r and Seat, and his Authority,  
For to effect all cursed Villany.

#### Apostate.

They were some evil persons without doubt,  
Who creep into the Church, that work'd about  
Those Murderous deeds, the Church did not allow,  
But utterly against them doth Avow.

#### Professoz.

In The filthy Pope, and evil Cardinal,  
With Bishops, Monks, and Fryers you so call,  
With fiery Jesuits, for to be brief,  
In all these murd'rous Acts these were the chief.  
Bulls, false Pardons, and cursed Dispensations  
From bloody Rome, has Ruin'd many Nations.  
You can't deceive, nor hood-wink the world more.  
Times have discovered the Scarlet Whore.

We

We now know how clearly to bring our charge,  
As I could shew, but that I can't enlarge.

Apostate.

I know not how further (Sir) to excuse  
The Holy Church, you put me in a muse;  
But she's more kind and gentle grown of late,  
And doth such cruelties desie and hate.

Professor.

Rome to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,  
Who whilst against his will is quite barr'd  
From seeking of his Prey, being ty'd in chains,  
Seems very peaceable, though he remains  
A Wolf in Nature still, if ever he  
At any rate can get his Liberty,  
Doth straightway run impatient of delay,  
And cannot rest untill he's got his prey.  
So Rome seems kind and gentle, untill she  
Can find again an opportunity,  
Which with unwearied pains and often Trial,  
She ever seeks, and hardly takes denial,  
Which if she once obtains, she will not stay  
From shedding Blood a minute of a day.

Apostate.

'Tis a vain thing with you for to contend,  
And therefore I had rather make an end  
'Tis out of love I speak, to have you leave  
Your evil Errors, speedily to cleave

Unto

Upon that Church who only can decide  
 All Controversies, even to divide  
 The truth from error, light from darkness, so  
 That every one the ready way may go.  
 But you seem so resolved in your mind,  
 That little hopes, alas, of you I find.  
 But Youth consider once again I pray,  
 The troubles of a now approaching day.  
 For sore amazements will you overtake,  
 Unless you do your purposes forsake.  
 If once our Church the day obtains, be sure  
 Then down you Hereticks must go for ever.  
 Let former strokes of Justice take such place,  
 As for to move you wisely to embrace  
 That counsel which in tender love I give,  
 That you in safety evermore may live.  
 Or you'll Repent that ever you begun  
 These dang'rous ways of Heresie to run.  
 'Tis a dark doleful dangerous path you go,  
 Recant therefore as many others do.

Professor.

You may mistake, sometimes the waters flow,  
 Yet on a sudden I observe them low.  
 A Haman may maliciously devise  
 Poor Mordecai and others to surprise,  
 Yet may his purposes meet with a blast,  
 And he himself be hanged too at last.  
 The flesh with ailes lusts to mortify,  
 Is hard to those that love Iniquity.



The way to Papists wholly is untrud,  
And unto all who hatera are of God,  
The way seems dark to you, untrod, untrud,  
Hard 'tis to see flesh, yet 'tis the way to Heaven,  
'Tis dark to you, because that you are Blind,  
And can't Gods purpose in dark fast steps mind,  
I've a sure hand to lead my trembling paces,  
To scape the danger of those dang'rous spaces,  
I shall pass safe by means of my best Guide,  
Though thousands fall by me on every side,  
For to turn back will prove a daleful fault,  
I think upon the Monument of Salt,  
I am Resolv'd a thousand Deaths to dye,  
Before I'll ever yield to Popery.

**Apostate.**

Thou art too strict, too righteous, and precise,  
(prize;  
Thou might'st such things which prudent men do  
Thou mayst have Christ, pleasure, and honour too,  
And saved be without half this ado,  
There's very few alas are of your mind,  
Who not to Rome are not at all inclin'd.

**Professor.**

You now condemn me for my holy Life, wold  
Wherein 'tis true, I was with straits and strife,  
But when, dear Sir, you come at length to die,  
You'll blame yourself, and me you'll justify.

Did

Did ever any on a dying bed  
 Lament that they were by Gods Spirit led  
 To crucifie their sins, and undertake  
 All things to leave for the Lord Jesus sake?  
 If Righteous ones, alas, scarce saved are,  
 It greatly doth behove me to take care  
 In holiness to walk, what ere you say,  
 I from the paths of Life will never stray.  
 The way I know is rough, 'tis hard and strait,  
 And leads me also through a *Thorny Gate*.  
 Whose scratching Pricks are very sharp and fell,  
 The way to *Heav'n* is by the Gates of *Hell*.  
 Your way 'tis true seems very smooth and wide,  
 Since you from Christ have lately turn'd aside.  
 My paths seem long, yours short and very fair,  
 Free from all Rubs and Snarcs, yet Sir beware,  
 The safest path is not always most even,  
 The way to *Hell*'s like to a seeming *Heaven*.  
 Shall proud Flesh, wantons, for a moments pleasure,  
 Expose themselves to shame, and loss of treasure?  
 They'll spend their strength, their gold, and their B-  
 & amongst their sensual dame hellish mates. (states,  
 Shall cursed Pleasures thus be priz'd, and must  
 The joys above be cheaper than a Lust?  
 Th'ambitious Gallant, for to hoyst his Name  
 Upon the wings of Honour and of Fame,  
 How will he venture on the point of Spears,  
 And face the mouth of Cannons! nought he fears!  
 With courage stout how will he fight th' Flood,  
 When Brinish Seas are mixt with human blood?

Shall

Shall wretched Man be at the Devils will,  
And dangers run, his Lust for to fulfil?  
And shall not I, when God commands me forth,  
Engage for him with all my might on Earth?  
Or shall the promis'd Crown of endless Life,  
Be judg'd a trifle, and not worth a strife?  
That which vain Man accounts to be most rare,  
Is not obtain'd but with much cost and care.  
Things of great worth on Earth are got by pains,  
And he who ventures nothing, nothing gains.  
And shall I then be startled with a frown,  
When full assur'd of an Eternal Crown?  
The strife which doth an holy Life attend,  
Will recompensed be I'm sure i'th' end.  
I will go on, since Jesus doth invite me,  
His strength is mine, and nothing shall affright me.

**Apostate.**

I do perceive you are resolv'd to run  
In your strict ways, until you're quite undone;  
Yet hear a little what I have to speak,  
And you will find 'tis best for you to take  
The Council which I give; for you'll espy  
Great Ruine fall upon you suddenly.  
Your Father will not own you for his Son,  
If in this foolish strictness you'll go on;  
His Face expect hereafter not to see,  
If this your purpose and your pleasure be.

## Protestor.

If Father, Mother, and dear Brethren too  
 Forsake me quite, yet still I well do know  
 My precious Saviour will my Soul embrace,  
 And I shall see sweet smiles from his dear Face.  
 My self and my Relations all (though dear)  
 I do deny, such is the Love I bear  
 To my dear Lord, whose Servant now am I,  
 And do resolve to be until I dye.  
 Come Life, come Death, for Canaan I'll endeavour  
 It is my Home, and Resting place for ever.  
 Better it is that Earthly Friends abuse me,  
 Than that Christ Jesu should at last refuse me.  
 I'de rather bear my Fathers Wrath and Ire,  
 Than to be cast into Eternal Fire.

## Apostate.

Fie, fie, Young-man, forbear and take advice,  
 Let not hot Zeal thy fancy thus intice  
 For to refuse those pleasant things which you  
 May here enjoy as many others do:  
 'Tis much too soon for thee to mind such things,  
 For nought but grief and dotage from it springs;  
 'Twill dull thy wit, and make thee like a droan,  
 And thou'lt be slighted too by every one.  
 How might'st thou live at ease, and pleasure have,  
 If once these ways thou would'st resolve to leave,  
 And like a Flower flourish in the Spring,  
 And with young Gallants might'st rejoyce and sin

And spend thy days in pleasure sweet and rare :  
I prithee youth consider, O take care  
To chear thy heart ; behold now in thy sight,  
What earthly joys most sweetly do invite.

*Professor.*

Young it is true I am, and in my prime,  
Therefore resolve for to improve my time :  
The flower of my days do'st think I will  
Give to the Devil, Lust for to fulfill?  
Shall *Satan* have the prime of my days,  
And put off Christ with base and vile delays  
Until old Age, and then at last present  
The dregs of time to him? I'll not consent  
To such vile thoughts, I will not lend an ear,  
I to my Saviour more affection bear.  
Since first of th' living Spring my Soul did drink,  
All Sinful Pleasures in my Nose do stink.  
More precious Joy I find in my dear Lord,  
Than all this World doth, yea, or can afford.  
If I am slighted for Christ Jesus sake,  
And judg'd a Fool or Droan, yet I can take  
All for him, who for me hath undergone  
More shame than this before his work was done.  
This is my choosing time; I have made choice,  
Gods word I will obey and hear his voice.  
Gods Council 'tis, that first of all in Youth  
I should him seek, and cleave unto the Truth.  
Your Council I abhor; shall Lustful Fire  
Be kindled in my Breast? shall my desire

Run out again to *Egypt's* cursed stuff,  
I know 'tis nought, of it I have enough.

*Apostate.*

Alas, the Journey's long, you'l wearied be,  
And faint before that Kingdom you do see.

*Professor.*

Nay Sir, be silent, that is false, for I  
By Faith most clearly do the Land espy.  
But is the Journey long? blame me no more,  
Betime i'th' Morning I set out therefore.  
Why didst thou say it was too soon for me  
For to set out? If long the Journey be,  
I do resolve in youth with speed to strive,  
Lest I too late at last should there arrive.  
While strength and youth do last, I'll bend my mind  
To travel hard, because I clearly find  
Old Age and weary Limbs, quite out of case  
To go a Journey, or to Run a Race.  
Alas when night is ready to come in,  
That's not the time this Journey to begin,  
When Sun and Moon and Stars all darkned be,  
And Clouds return, that we no light can see,  
When Rain and Tempests do most sore appear,  
And th' Keepers of the House all trembling are:  
When the strong Men themselves are forc'd to bow,  
And grinders cense also, because that now  
They are but few and ready to fall out,  
And those through windows which do look about,

Are

Are become dim, nay darkned without Light,  
 And doors too in the street are shut up quite.  
 When the low sound o'th' grinders scarcely heard,  
 He rises up to at the voice o'th' Bird:  
 And all the Daughters of sweet Musick rare,  
 Are brought too low, don't for such Musick care,  
 And fears Increase on thoughts of what's on high,  
 Fears in the way, and fears for what is nigh,  
 When flourish shall the Almond Tree also,  
 And th' Grasshopper shall be a burden too.  
 When loosed is the precious Silver Cord,  
 And Golden Bole is broken as we have heard:  
 When the weak Pitcher at the Fountain's broke,  
 And th' wheel at the Cistern with a heavy stroke:  
 When desire fails, and there alas is none,  
 What will such do who han't this Race begun?  
 Besides 'tis clear my days uncertain be,  
 Old Age alas I may not live to see.  
 Young-men are quickly gone, for I behold  
 Daily as young as I am turn'd to th' Mould.  
 My own experience doth discover this,  
 My Life's a bubble and a Vapour is.  
 The flower which doth spread, and is so gay,  
 Soon may it fade and wither quite away.  
 If I therefore have much work to do,  
 Or as you say so long a way to go;  
 It doth concern me then, with all my Power  
 For to improve each day, yea every hour:

For days to come I see may not be mine,  
 My time I'll spend, not as thou spendest thine;  
 My weights I'll cast away this Race to Run,  
 Stand still I must not, nor with thee return:  
 I must provide me Oyl, get Grace in store,  
 For o're a while I shall be seen no more  
 This side the Grave; I hast therefore to meet  
 The glorious Judge at the great Judgment-seat.  
 I must make hast, be swift like to the Sun,  
 Lest that my works to do when time is done.

*Apostate.*

To you, Young-man, I have declared much  
 Of the sad danger, but your Zeal is such,  
 Naught that I say with you takes any place,  
 You don't believe me that's the very case.  
 But what's the reason, youth, so many folk  
 Decline those paths in which you now do walk?  
 Were ways of your strict Holiness so sweet,  
 They in this sort would never back retreat;  
 I did resolve with others for to try,  
 And find you all deceived utterly,  
 Your whole Religion's naught but meer conceit,  
 Let none therefore thy Soul with Fancies cheat.  
 Since wise Men daily do your ways forsake,  
 Be thou advis'd and other Council take.

*Professor.*

If thousands fall away, it is no more  
 Than what the Scripture shews was heretofore.

Thou-



Thousands of old from Egypt did adventure,  
And yet but two of them did Canaan enter:  
They never had of Christ a saving taste,  
Who quite away their seeming hopes do cast.  
Their heart stabs are rotten and unsound,  
Who in Christ Jesus never sweetness found;  
But what of this? Shall I my Lord deny  
Because that you some Hypocrites espy?  
Those who do Murmur in the Wilderness,  
The Land of promise never shall possess.  
But if they will the precious Lord Revoke,  
Shall I from thence resolve to slip the Yoke?  
Because too many walk Ith' way to Hell,  
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excel  
The vain enjoyments of an evil World?  
Or shall with Fancies thus my Soul be hurl'd,  
To think, because that Swine the grains do chuse,  
And Pearls do tread upon, and them refuse,  
There is more worth in those base stinking grains  
Than in those true Pearls which the Merchant

gains?  
Because these silly Men have lost their way,  
Shall I on purpose therefore go astray?  
Because that Judas did for thirty pence  
Sell his dear Lord, shall I conclude from thence  
Peter a fool, who priz'd his favour so,  
That for his sake all things he'd undergo?  
If fearful Souldiers basely quit the Field,  
Shall valiant Champions therefore strait-way yield

Most cowardly unto their treacherous Foe,  
 Whom they assured were to overthrow.  
 If Marriners unskil'd in Navigation  
 Are split on Rocks, shall all then in the Nation  
 That have that curious Art, resolve therefore  
 Never to use the Art of Sailing more?  
 Because the Sluggard sees the winds do blow,  
 The Rain descending with cold Hail and Snow,  
 He doth give o're, and says no longer will  
 Remain i'th' Field his Barren Land to Till:  
 Shall faithful Husband-men from the like ground,  
 Who have oft-times by good experience found,  
 Without they Sow, no Harvest can they have,  
 Resolve the painful Labours quite to leave?  
 He that wont Plow, because o'th' Snow or Rain,  
 Shall beg at Harvest, and shall nought obtain:  
 So in like sort, to mind my present case,  
 'Cause Persons void of Gods true saving Grace  
 Do postatize as you your self have done,  
 Must I toth' Devil with you headlong Run?  
 'Cause some Professors secretly do love  
 Some base Corruptions, doth this therefore prove,  
 There's none sincere for God in all the Earth,  
 Whose Souls exper'ence do the second birth?  
 I for my part through Grace have this to say,  
 I never shall, nor can I fall away:  
 All those whom God has unto Jesus given,  
 They never can be dispossest'd of Heaven;  
 The Promise of Eternal Life is theirs,  
 And they like *Isaac* even so are Heirs,

Who

Who could not miss nor dispossessed be,  
Unless Gods word's made a meer Nullity,  
Gods Covenant also with Christ doth stand,  
Who can supply our wants on ev'ry hand :  
Sin shall not Reign, such is our happy case,  
We are not under the *Law*, but under *Grace*,  
This Covenant is not like to the Old,  
We of a surer Person now have hold,  
We stand not now as *Adam* did 'tis plain,  
God never will trust that Old-man again.  
Our credit's nothing worth, our Surety  
Is in our room, our wants he must supply.  
Besides all this, Ple hint another thing,  
Which to my Soul doth much refreshment bring :  
He that's the Authour of my Faith, I spy,  
Will finish it himself assuredly.  
He that in me has a good work begun,  
Will perfect it also e're he has done.  
Within Gods Saints Eternal Life doth dwell,  
This would remove the doubt considered well :  
Those unto whom Eternal Life is given,  
How can it be that such should miss of Heaven?  
And now to 'breviate 'tis my intent,  
Sir, if you please to frame one argument,  
If the new Creature in the Souls of men  
Is of Gods Spirit born, I argue then,  
The same in nature it be sure must be,  
Which cannot Death, or like mutation see;  
But that 'tis of Gods Spirit born, is clear,  
As *John* the Third doth make most plain appear.

The

The seed also doth in their Souls remain,  
 They cannot sin to Death who're born again;  
 Gods fear moreover is so in their heart,  
 That they from him shall never more depart.  
 Thus is my standing very firm and sure,  
 And to the end I know I shall endure:  
 And as for those who fall away and Dye,  
 I shall discover clearly by and by,  
 What kind of men and women they are all,  
 Which will hold forth the cause to of their fall.

*Apostate.*

Most confident I do perceive you are,  
 Daunted at nothing, yet pray let me hear  
 Those persons Names which you did lastly meet,  
 Who finally resolve for to retreat,  
 And leave those paths which you seem to commend;  
 Come, speak to this, and we will make an end.

*Professor.*

Sir, unto me it doth most plain appear  
 As if they Cowards and asint-hearted were;  
 Under their tongues also close secretly  
 Some pleasant Morsels I am sure do lye:  
 And in them all doth reign some cursed evil,  
 Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

*Apostate.*

As you suppose, but pray, youth, have a care,  
 For they sincere and sober People are.

And

*an old Apostate and young Professor.* 195

And I do question, whether yea or nay  
Thou do'st them know, what further hast to say?

*Professor.*

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well,  
And since you urge me, I resolve to tell  
What kind of folk they are, and also shall  
Their Names discover unto great and small;  
Master *Fearful* was one that I did see,  
With him was goodly *Sensuality*.  
With Dame *Misbelief*, and Goodman *Outside*,  
Who turn'd from Christ as soon as they were try'd:  
One *Unbelief* a very wicked Man;  
Turn him out of his way, there's no Man can:  
Besides them also there's one *Earthly-heart*,  
Who loves nothing so well as Plow and Cart:  
Also there's *Esau Faint-heart*, most prophane,  
That sells his Birth-right Potrage to obtain;  
With *Belly-god*, a Man that I do find  
Flesh-pots and Onyons chiefly he doth mind.  
There's *Mistress Discontent* too with the rest,  
Who would have nought but what she liketh best.  
Master *Hot-love* soon cold also was there,  
Lately for zeal with him few could compare;  
There's *Ishmael Legal-heart*, in truth also,  
When troubles rise he strait away doth go  
With Master *Balaam*, who doth Jesus leave  
The wages of Unrighteousness to have:  
Some People also I have lately met,  
Who were with sin most easily beset;

And

And divers heavy weights also they bore,  
Which wearied them and made them to give o're.  
A Gentleman I also did behold,  
Whose trade was great, and store he had of gold,  
He's going back with sorrow I do know,  
Because he can't have Christ and the world too,  
One Master *Atheist* that I think's his name  
As like your self as if he were the same;  
He's fallen back so far, and turn'd aside,  
That at Religion he doth much deride:  
He thinks Religion's but a foolish thing,  
Which doth no comfort nor no profit bring,  
This is too true, you also are the Man,  
To clear your self deny it if you can;  
No marvel 'tis you play the Devils part,  
In labouring thus for to deceive my heart,  
And blind mine eyes, if that thou knewest how:  
Thou'dst make me like thy self, and therefore now  
I am resolv'd with thee for to ingage,  
Who striv'st to stop me in my Pilgrimage:  
A Foe more vile than you, what soul can meet?  
I'll therefore bring you down unto my feet.  
Some stones I think to fetch out of Gods Book,  
Though like *Goliath* you do seem to look,  
Yet in his Name, whom you so much desire,  
I shall prevail against you by and by.  
I thought I must confess some years ago,  
I should not in the least been stoppt by you;  
Or that I should have met with opposition  
With such a Foe to add to my affliction.

But

But since this is my sad unhappy fate,  
I'll add a line or two to vindicate  
The dreadful God, so far as lies in me  
I'll vindicate that Glorious Deity;  
Who in my Soul his Image so has set,  
That I his Glorious Being can't forget.  
Shall he which form'd both Heaven and the Earth,  
From whom I have my precious Life and Birth,  
Be trod upon, nay, utterly deny'd?  
What Soul can such a sinful wretch abide?  
Who strives at once, if that you could it do,  
The Life of all Religion to o'erthrow.  
Hast thou got ought to speak, and wilt thou enter  
On the debate? yea, durst thou adventure  
To o'pe thy mouth i'th' least for to defend  
Those thoughts of thine which clearly do ascend  
From Hell beneath? thou'lt prove thy self thereby  
The Devils Friend, *Jehovahs* Enemy.

*Apostate.*

Thou childish Lad, do'st think I am afraid  
For to declare my self, or am dismay'd  
By silly Dreams and Fancies, which afright  
Those simple ones who dare not walk i'th' night:  
Who startle at the shadow which they see,  
And think the Devil's near when 'tis a tree?  
And since I do perceive you understand  
What my opinion is, I do demand  
How you can prove, and fully make appear  
There is a God, for none at all I fear.

No

No God nor Devil I at all believe,  
 Nor is there any Heaven to receive  
 The Souls of Holy Men when they do dye :  
 Nor is there any Hell of Misery  
 For Sinners after Death, as you conceit ;  
 All is nought else save a Religious Cheat.

*Professor.*

*Dare you your Maker thus with impudence  
 Deny, and tread upon? Such Insolence  
 What Soul can bear! what Age can shew the like,  
 Where so much Light hath been! shall Mortals strike  
 At the great God and Glorious Deity?  
 Whose dreadful Being and Existency  
 The Heathens did find out, and greatly fear ;  
 His Godhead did to them most plain appear  
 By the Creation, Man, as in a Glass  
 May there behold who his Creator was.  
 'Tis time to arm my self and look about,  
 When by an Atheist I am Challeng'd out,  
 When the whole of all Religion lies at stake,  
 'Tis time to rouse, and also for to shake  
 Off Sloth and Idleness, and to Ingage  
 With such a Foe in this my Pilgrimage.  
 If once I should unto an Atheist yield,  
 And treach'rously also acquit the Field,  
 The strongest hold of Truth betray should I  
 Into the hands of its worst Enemy :  
 And should unman my self of Christian too,  
 And my dear Soul of reason overthrow.*

*I should*



I should debase my self, should I deny  
 My Noble Birth from the great Deity.  
 Mans chiefest Glory springs from's Supreme Head,  
 In his descent from him who made and bred  
 And brought him forth, and doth his Life maintain,  
 From hence Man doth his greatest Honour gain.  
 'Tis Power Divine that Man doth greater thus,  
 As to make him King of the Universe.  
 Who e're disowns his blessed Pedigree,  
 Doth prove himself unnatural for to be.  
 For man to say he came by hap or chance,  
 As 'tis a piece of wilful Ignorance,  
 Himself also he doth depose thereby,  
 From his own Honour and rare Dignity;  
 And vile contempt upon himself doth bring,  
 As well as dirt upon that Essence fling  
 Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his breath,  
 And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.  
 But to proceed, and lend my helping hand;  
 In the defence of Sacred Truth to stand,  
 And vindicate my great Creators cause,  
 By Natures Light, and also by those Laws  
 Which supernat'ral are, and most Divine,  
 Whose Light excels, yea, and whose Glories shine,  
 You ask me how I can make it appear,  
 There is a God, Attend, and now give ear,  
 And weigh my Arguments and reasons sound,  
 And let not Satan more your Soul confound,  
 And reason quite destroy, as he hath done,  
 Lest to the Devil you do headlong run.

Apostate.

## Apostate.

Before you do proceed, this you must know,  
 If you a God do think to prove or show,  
 Besure of this, young man, it must not be  
 By Scripture-proof, for its Authority  
 I do deny, and cannot it believe,  
 You never shall that way my heart deceive:  
 The knowledge which you supernatural call,  
 Is a meer cheat, I mind it not at all.

## Professor.

Though supernatural knowledge you despise,  
 And count Gods Holy Word to be but Lies;  
 I briefly shall stand up in its defence,  
 And shew your pride and cursed Insolence.  
 That all may love Gods word, prize it, and see  
 Its worth and weight, and its Authority  
 To be Divine, and by *Jehovah* given  
 To lead poor Souls in the right way to Heaven:  
 One thing of you in the first place I demand,  
 Pray let me know and fully understand  
 When this supposed Cheat did first commence,  
 And in what part o'th' world, bring evidence.  
*Egypt* stands mute, saith it commenc'd not here,  
 Nor did the *Jews* invent it, that's as clear.  
 Ask all the Heathens too in every Age,  
 If their Philosophers brought't on the Stage.  
 If you can find it out, pray bring't to light,  
 Or else confess your darkness worse than night.

'Tis strange that such a Universal cheat  
Should thus be put upon the World, and yet  
No one can shew who did the same devise,  
Nor how nor when the same at first did rise;  
Since all the world stands silent and is mute,  
This might a Period put to the Dispute.  
But secondly, I argue once again,  
There's none of them who do so much disdain  
The Holy Scriptures, who just proof could bring  
To shew i'th' least they were a forged thing:  
If none can them disprove, O then say I,  
What ground have you the Scripture to deny?  
The Scriptures also I observe have been  
Strangely preserved by a pow'r unseen:  
In every Age, kept both in word and sense  
From secret fraud and open violence,  
Against the num'rous Armies of all those  
That were both secret, yea, and open Foes,  
No wicked or malicious Men could ever  
Subvert the Scripture, though they did endeavour.  
The beastly Clergy of the Church of Rome,  
Thorow whose hands, to us the Scripture comes:  
Though guilty of most vile abomination  
As ever was committed in a Nation,  
Their cursed sins are hateful to relate,  
Which they committed and did tollerate,  
And that they might more freely do the same,  
And so be kept from sad reproach and shame.  
They say the Pope himself may change the Laws  
Of the Holy Gospel as himself sees Cause;

N

And

And make the sense of Scriptures to agree  
With time and place as he most fit doth see.  
How free those Sacrilegious Monsters were,  
(Had God admitted) to extinguish'd clear  
The sacred Scripture, and put out their light,  
And fill'd the World with an eternal Night.  
But we may see, although it made its way  
Through those Muddy Channels, yet have they  
Been still kept pure, and still remain a Law  
To keep most Men save bloody Popes in awe.  
Now if against so many Enemies,  
Who us'd all means that Devils could devise  
To obliterate that Soul-Informing word,  
It was preserv'd and not by humane Sword.  
How dare you Sir presume for to deny  
Its blessed and Divine Authority?  
Another ground or reason I shall urge,  
Which proves Gods word Divine as I do judge.  
'Tis taken from that Influence they have  
Upon their Hearts whom God intends to save;  
It turns them from those cursed ways of Sin,  
Which once they loved and delighted in.  
It brings them out of darkness into light,  
Yea, and discovers Jesus to their sight,  
Filling their Soul with inward Life and Peace,  
And precious joy, the which shall never cease.

The glorious power which God did afford  
Always for those who stood up for his word,  
Most clearly shews, Methinks to every eye  
The Scripture's true and their Authority

To be Divine, whatever you may say,  
I cannot give this Argument away.  
How have they been supported in the Flames,  
Which as it did perpetuate their Names,  
So God thereby did stir up ten for one,  
To stand up for his word when they were gone.  
Ah! how did they rejoyce Sir in the Fire  
Which made their very Enemies admire.  
Would thou one Instance have, I could give two,  
And ten times twenty more if that would do,  
But if I should, I am sure I should Transgress,  
And over-charge the Appendix and the Press.  
And therefore I will add one reason more  
To prove Gods word Divine, and so give o're.  
How has the Scripture made the Atheist quake,  
And all his Limbs with dreadful horror shake!  
When on a Death-bed they have come to lye,  
Their Conscience waking, in their Face did Fly,  
Though in their Health they did it much despise,  
And did affirm it was made up with lyes.  
Yet has it made them howl at last end cry,  
We are undone to all Eternity.  
'Twas like unto the writing on the wall,  
Which did foretel prophane *Bellhazzers* fall;  
Which was so terrible, yea, and so strange,  
It wrought amongst them a most sudden change.  
Their Mirth and Jollity doth now expire,  
And the proud King doth earnestly desire  
To hear it read, nought then would serve his turn  
But an Interpreter: his heart did burn,

His trembling Knees smote one against another,  
 As if his joynts were loosed from each other,  
 Thus those that wont confess *Jehovahs* Name,  
 Are forc'd to owne him to their utter shame.  
 And those who will not of Gods word allow,  
 Are forc'd by Conscience under it to bow.  
 These being weigh'd, may make you quite give o're,  
 Yea, and Gods word thus to oppose no more:  
 Now if the Scripture cannot be gain-said,  
 Methinks each Soul should be exceeding afraid  
 How they condemn that glorious Deity,  
 Whom they so clearly shew and magnifie.

But to leave this a little and descend  
 To Mans own reason which you so commend.  
 How many Heathens did alone thereby,  
 Find out (dear Sir) Gods glorious Majesty.  
 If you your reason did but exercise,  
 From Atheism doubtless you soon might rise,  
 And hate also this Soul-destroying evil,  
 Thus siding with and yeilding to the Devil.

*Apolate.*

Amongst the Heathens (youth) were men of fame,  
 Who for their skill in nature had the name  
 Above all others, which did quite deny  
 There was a God or such a Deity.

*Professor.*

Your *Epicurus*, and old *Aristotle*,  
 With *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the Rabble,

And

And such like Atheists I must grant to you  
Deny'd there was a God, as Stories shew;  
Philosophy is good, but Men abuse it,  
When they, like those old Heathen Authors use it,  
God doth sometimes mens reasons darken quite  
For not improving of the means of Light.  
To vile affections up God doth them give,  
Because on Earth like Brutes they seem to live.  
But though these natural Sots could not espy  
By all their skill th' eternal Deity,  
Yet many thousand Heathens I might show  
By natures light alone did come to know  
There was a God, they searched so about  
Into Gods works, they found his God-head out,  
For when they gave themselves up seriously  
To study Natures Book, and come to pry  
Into the cause of all things here on Earth,  
And their effects, did clearly see the birth  
Or first Original of every thing,  
From such an Essence to descend or spring.  
The very Novices in Natures School,  
May soon convince that Man to be a Fool,  
Who by the Creatures glory can't discern  
The Being of that dreadful Sovereign  
Who did them form and make, for every where  
His glorious God-head they to all declare;  
Had I but time, I could some pages fill,  
And shew to you how that mans reason will  
Teach him there is a God, for if he mind  
The nature of his Soul, this he might find,

Mans soul is like a spring or like to Fire,  
It resteth not aloft, it does aspire,  
And unto *Noahs* Dove, I'll it compare,  
God is the Ark, souls rest alone is there,  
The flesh dams up the Spring, quenches desire,  
Keeps out o'th' Arke to which it would retire:  
Since I perceive Mans soul doth search about  
To find some higher good and being out;  
Which doth excel all things which are below,  
This doth to us Gods glorious Being shew.  
But to conclude this, no Man can disown,  
God by his Judgments daily is made known.  
What sad examples daily do we heare  
Of Wrath and Vengeance almost every where?  
Some drunkards and blasphemers struck down dead,  
And others with strange Judgments tortured?  
Some have presum'd the Holy God to dare,  
Whom he would not one little minute spare,  
If this will not convince you of your error,  
I fear you will e're long fall under terror;  
For if you will not now example take,  
God may of you a sad example make.  
Your state alas, above all Men is sad,  
Because of God you once such knowledge had,  
And of his ways, which now you loath and hate;  
O Sir, consider this your woful state;  
And cry to God, if peradventure he  
May give you Grace, whereby your Soul may see  
Your hainous Sin, that so you may repent,  
And turn to God before your days be spent.

Apostate.



*Apostate.*

I must confess, I know not what to say?  
If there's a God, then cursed be the day  
That ever I was Born, for I do know  
He never unto me will Mercy show:  
I now resolve to open my condition,  
Though all's in vain; for there is no contrition  
Will do me good, I utterly am lost;  
For I have sinn'd against the Holy Ghost:  
I wilfully have sinn'd, and there remains  
Nothing for me but everlasting pains.  
O that there were no God! for then should I  
Be like the Beast when e're I come to dye.  
For love o'th' World, and for my present ease  
I am become like to the troubled Seas.  
No rest nor comfort ever shall I find,  
Curs'd be the day that ever I declin'd  
From these good ways in which dear youth you go,  
Or ever I did God or Jesus know:  
For if I had not known them, it is clear  
My sin would not so hainous now appear:  
My conscience doth prick me to the Heart,  
I never shall be eased of this smart.  
O that I were in Hell! for then should I  
Soon see the worst of my extremity,  
Thou shalt dear youth for ever happy be,  
For thou art chosen from Eternity,  
To be an Heir of the Eternal-bliss,  
But I alas am damn'd! what woe like this?  
The Devil with his glist'ring Golden ball  
Hath me decciv'd, and now I see my fall  
To be so bad, no tongue can it express;  
My woful pain is quite remediless.  
The checks of Conscience I did greatly slight,  
And loved darkness greatly, hated light:

Yea,

Yea, and of good I never lov'd to hear,  
 Though I of him had hints of times most clear;  
 And now will he my Soul in pieces tear,  
 And make me his Eternal Vengeance bear,  
 Let all back-sliders of me warning take  
 Before they fall into the *Silgon-Lake*;  
 Yea, and return and make with God their peace  
 Before the days of Grace and Mercy cease?  
 For mine are past for ever, oh! condole  
 My sad Estate and miserable Soul.  
 My days will quickly end, and I must lye  
 Broylng in Flames to all Eternity.

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